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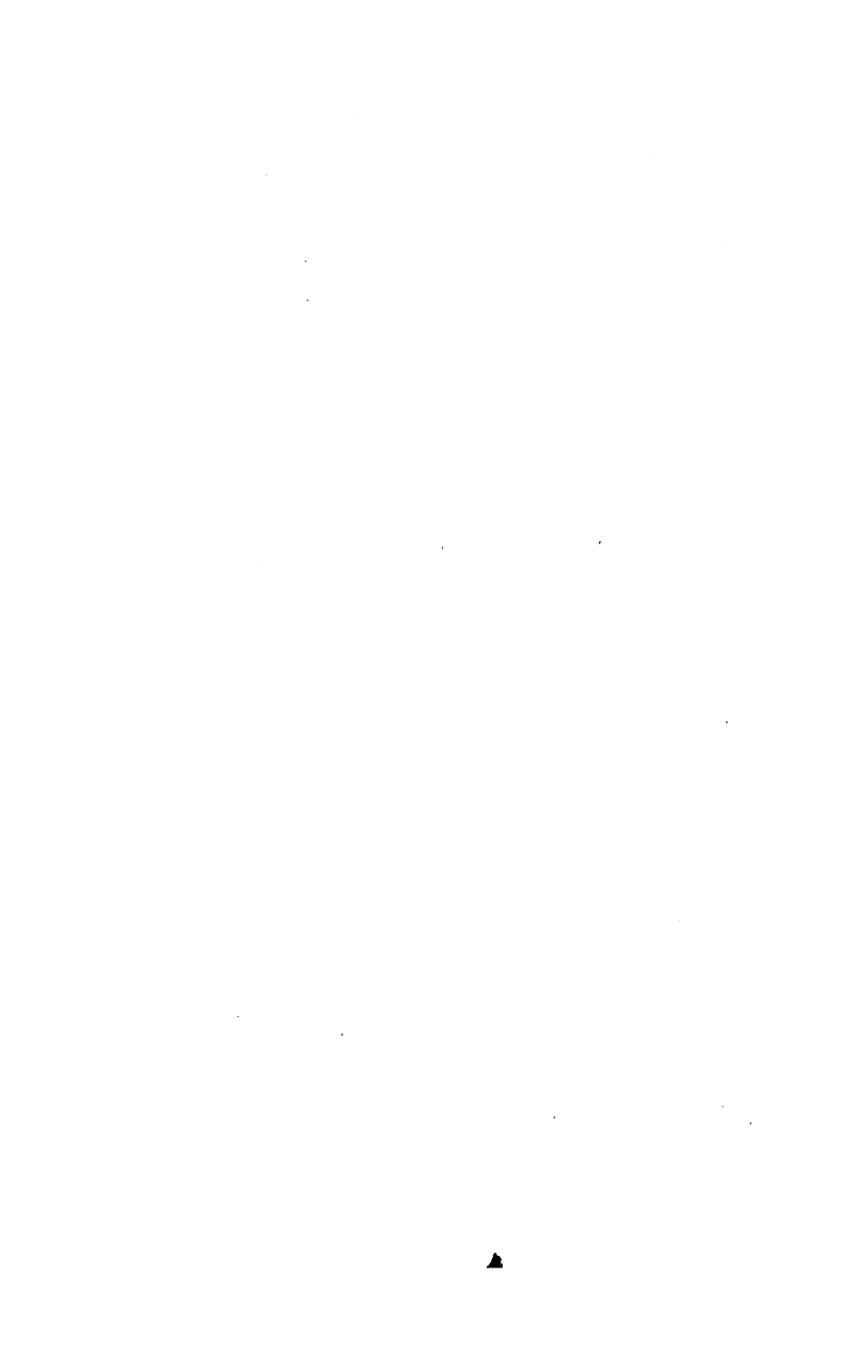
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Murdoch

1899





Murdoch
NCA

JOY HOURS;

OR,

POEMS, SONGS, AND LYRICS.

BY JOHN MURDOCK
(*Postal Telegraph Department, Portarlington.*)

"To hear the lark of morn up
To heaven's dome ascend,
On wings so light and airy,
You'd think it was a fairy
Bore a golden jewelled cup
Of music *thus* to spend,
Mad with joy, as it flew up,
To let it *thus* descend."

Morning.

"*Thus* I love to muse away,
In the groves of Spire Hill,
Hour on hour, and there lay
Up for future thought and day
Gathered rhymes—
Fairy chimes—
That *will* make my heart to thrill;
Birds and flowers,
Moonlit hours,
Dew-gemmed eyes and starry skies,
Love and peace and glad surprise!

Spire Hill.

Dublin:
PRINTED BY DOLLARD.

1885.

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[illegible]

PREFACE.

IT is with considerable fear and trembling that I have made up my mind to lay this little Volume before my readers. In doing so, I have only to entreat of them to be merciful to me. A "*first attempt*" in all departments of Art is generally more or less of a failure, and Literature is by no means an exception. I am thoroughly conscious of many—very many—defects in the following pages—of construction, of metre, and even of grammar. Every author (!) is, however, more or less case-hardened in his own vanity; and I must pray of you, O my Readers, not to be too censorious upon a mere beginner. Everything must have its commencement. Should I ultimately attain to a little niche in the "Poet's Corner"—*some-where* between the Poet Close and the Laureate—I shall have had my reward.

The contents of this Book of mine are the offspring of many and many a solitary hour—of day-dreams, and of "thoughts far too sweet to be spoken"—composed, for the most part, to the clicking and the sounding of the telegraphic apparatus at which I am employed. Each little poem—each verse even—conveys to me reminiscences both of joy and sorrow—many of them, indeed, of downright pain, dejection, and bitterness. The knowledge, which years of experience only can give, that merit,

service, and character, are (and can be) of no avail in advancing one in this life, has impressed itself most deeply upon me. But, as Burns said, aptly (and *he* had no "influence" to work in his favour either)—"A man's a man for a' that." No matter! Why should a "Poor Telegraphist" complain?

Many of the Poems have been already printed in the *Weekly Irish Times* and in *Young Ireland*. The former paper, in speaking of some of them, very kindly remarked—"A gem ('*Maiden of Mine*'), full of freshness, gladness, and joy, dancing and rippling along like a mountain brook, clear and limpid, through the purple heather. No one who reads these Poems can withhold from the Author the—though sometimes perilous—title which so many arrogate, and so few deserve—that of *Poet*." And, again—"The first of these is '*Snow*,' full of quiet beauty and delicacy of feeling and sentiment. '*Mary Daly*' is a capital Irish love-song, smelling of the potheen and the turf. '*Only a Letter*' and '*Winter*' are full of pathos and beauty, and afford additional proof of Mr. Murdock's admirable poetic talents and versatility." Opinions such as these have done much to encourage me in venturing upon the boisterous ocean of Literature, so dreadful to beginners.

Should there be anything in the pages following capable of affording a few minutes' pleasure to any "Poor Telegraphist," I shall feel repaid. It may, at least, serve to show to "our authorities" that we are *not* all quite the

mechanical and routine creatures we are *supposed* to be. We *may* possess some little imagination—*some* little yearning for things heavenly—*some* little love for the “sublime and beautiful,” and “things aboon us”—even though we *may not* be eligible for positions of emolument under the Crown! Our constant contact with the sublime and mysterious powers of electricity—Nature in its most wonderful and awe-inspiring form—has bred in us a sensitiveness to beauty and power which only requires utterance, or rather the power of utterance. We know this, and we feel it instinctively. In Shakspeare’s day, to “circle round the world in forty minutes” was an idea as ridiculous as sublime. Now-a-days the men who do it are, “Lord bless you, sir, nothing at all!” Several of the pieces were composed on, or refer to, places in the vicinity of Portarlington, and for this reason may prove interesting to friends in that locality. “*Lines in the Burial-ground of Tyr-Eogher*,” “*The Bell of Lea*,” and the various ones relating to “*Corrig Hill*” and “*Lea Castle*,” are amongst the number. The few comic ones will speak for themselves, as being the merry ebullitions of a “*Joy Hour*.” Those composed in a somewhat mournful strain, or through which there runs a melancholy chord, must also speak for themselves. Many years of disappointment in one’s professional career—of “hopes deferred, making the heart sick”—of slights, and of weariful, weariful work, in which ’tis not the meritorious succeed—is *not* provocative of a mirthful temperament. But, as I have

ofttimes sung, "There's a good time coming, boys—
there's a good time coming"—

"Sceptre and crown
Must tumble down,
And in the grave be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade."

And *so* of circumlocution offices—Officialism, Influence,
and Favouritism—*and* Telegraphists.

THE AUTHOR.

PORTARLINGTON,
February, 1885.



Joy Hours;

OR,

POEMS, SONGS, AND LYRICS.

Joy Hours.

COME, my darling, it is eve ;
Let us hie away and leave
Far behind

Toil and trouble for the glen,
For the haunt of fairy men,
And unbind
All our weary load of care
To the palpitating air,
And enjoy sweet Nature fair,
Heart and mind,
In one hour's gay quadrille,
To our heart's deep, joyous thrill.

Come, my love, let's endeavour
In one hour's blissful fever,
And of love,
Drive away care and sorrow—
Soon enough comes the morrow,
When above

All the sky may teem with clouds,
Dark and ponderous as shrouds,
And beneath entomb in crowds
All that's wove
And entwined in the press
Of our skein of happiness.

Let us dance upon the green,
Where, 'tis said, the Fairy Queen,
 'Neath the moon,

Many a wondrous revel
Holds on the mossy level
 To the tune

Of the whisp'rings of the breeze,
And the rustling of the trees,
And the many sounds that please

 All in June,
With the wond'ring, list'ning air,
Here and there and everywhere.

In a dance upon a rath,
With a maiden that one hath
 All his own,

Hand in hand and heart to heart,
In a love that naught can part—
 Death alone

Where's the joy can equal *this*?
What surpass it in its bliss?
There's a heaven in each kiss,

 And a throne,
Deep within each other's eyes,
Which the other soul describes.

Oh! there's *something* passing strange
When beneath the moon we range

 All alone,
Or with *one* whose heart repeats
Every throb our bosom beats,
 Laugh or moan,
On some glorious harvest night,
When the queen of stars, full bright,
Glides through heaven in the light

 Round her thrown,
And her myriad maids, the stars,
Twinkle round her in their cars!

Oh! there's *something* in the time
When the moon is in her prime,
 And her beams

3

With a silver splendour shine,
 With a radiance that we twine
 In our dreams,
 Instilling with a feeling,
 Instinctively stealing
 O'er our senses, appealing,
 So it seems,
 To inherent love for all—
 Wondrous and reciprocal.

Oh ! there's *something* passing sweet
 In the soft and stilly breath
 Of the scene ;
 Something weird, full of awe,
 Full of music, and the law—
 True, I ween—
 That unites sweet poesy
 With the mountain and the lea,
 With the zephyrs playing free,
 While they glean
 Scents and odours from the flow'rs,
 Rich with night's ambrosial showers.

Come, my darling, come away,
 To the haunts of sprite and fay—
 Merry gnomes !
 Sure they cannot on us glow'r
 As they eye us from each flow'r—
 Beauteous homes !
 For, like them, we worship all
 That in beauty doth enthral
 Heart and soul reciprocal,
 Till there comes
 O'er our senses what may seem,
 In its happiness, a dream.

Hark ! what's *this* comes on the air,
 Breathing, trembling, like a prayer
 Full of joy !
 'Tis a Lilliputian lyre
 From the fairy monarch's choir—
 Vive le Roi !

Thus to us blithely singeth,
 "Mortals!—Good people flingeth
 Fond hopes that years but bringeth
 No alloy
 In your happiness and love,
 Till they're perfected *above*."

Morning.

How beauteous are the mornings,
 The early hours of day!
 Just when the sun arises,
 And fills with glad surprises,
 And decks with bright adornings
 All things within his ray!
 How beauteous are the mornings,
 The early hours of day!

The birds are all uproarious
 In air and flowery spray;
 The bees are hoarse with singing
 Their joy o'er flowers upspringing;
 Their tune within the chorus
 Is heard to sweetly play!
 All nature is uproarious
 In the early hours of day!

How glorious is the morn-tide—
 The morning hours to me!
 The day is in its gladness
 Devoid of age and sadness,
 And happy as a new bride,
 Her groom alone can see!
 How glorious is the morn-tide—
 The morning hours to me!

There is a matured beauty
 To me that doth appear,
 When day is in its boyhood,
 And bird, and bee, and flower should

Combine, as is their duty,
 To render it more dear !
 Day's childhood hath a beauty
 To me that doth appear !

I love the blithesome mornings,
 Those balmy hours of joy !
 They give the heart a pleasure
 Unstinted, without measure,
 When Nature hath no warnings
 Our happiness to alloy !
 I love the blithesome mornings,
 These balmy hours of joy !

To see the king of day rise
 In glory o'er the hills !
 His bright full face is beaming
 With smiles for ever streaming,
 In haste the gloomy night flies,
 The world his glory fills.
 Oh ! watch the king of day rise
 In glory o'er the hills !

To hear the lark of morn up
 To heaven's dome ascend,
 On wings so light and airy,
 You'd think it was a fairy,
 Bore a golden jewelled cup
 Of music *thus* to spend,
 Mad with joy as it flew up,
 To let it *thus* descend !

To hear the milkmaids singing,
 To me a joy is, too ;
 There is a careless, light heart—
 A merry, joyous, bright heart—
 The carols they are flinging
 Around are always true.
 There's *worse* than milkmaids singing,
 And *well* they know it, too !

The flowers are idly sleeping
 And dreaming in the sun,
 With fringed eyes that gaily,
 Their lord and master daily,
 Are on him coyly peeping,
 As human flowers have done,
 When *they* in love were sleeping,
 And near them shone *their* sun.

The incense from their sweet lips
 Is swimming on the breeze ;
 The essence of the kisses
 The gay breeze never misses ;
 Like the bee, it ever sips
 Sweet tolls where beauties please.
 Beauty, like the flowers, slips
 Not easily the breeze.

The waters of the clear stream
 Are like a melody—
 Melody the children sing,
 Altogether in a ring,
 When around and round they teem
 To chorus sweet and free,
 And afar it seems a dream,
 A childhood's melody.

And oh ! the thousand glories
 That Nature lavish throws
 Around her, as a proud queen,
 Whose riches are but half seen
 Or heard of in the stories,
 Invention might suppose.
 We know not half the glories
 Hid e'en within a rose.

Spire Hill.

(A romantic spot in the vicinity of Portarlinton.)

As I rove through Spire-hill,
 As I wander through its groves,

All my heart is in a thrill—
 In a thrill that *won't* be still ;
 As the trees
 To the breeze
 Whisper softly of their loves,
 And the sweet
 Eyes that meet
 My fond glances from the flowers,
 Dew-gemmed speak of summer showers.

All alone thus wandering,
 Corrig seems a heaven to me !
 And my soul doth mutely sing,
 As black care I from me fling,
 And full-wide
 To the tide
 Of Heaven's blessing falling free,
 Ope my heart,
 Ne'er to part
 From the bliss that such sweet hour
 Sheds o'er me with soothing power.

All the trees have voices there ;
 All the flowers whisperers are ;
 All the birds unto the air
 Never cease their music rare !
 Music ? No ;
 'Tis the flow
 Of a language ; yonder star,
 In its lore,
 Knoweth more ;
 For 'tis nigher still to Heaven,
 Whence such utt'rances were given !

Tell me *not* such beauty bright
 As the flowers can have no tongue.
 Tell me *not* the birds' delight
 In the summer sunshine might
 Have no way
 To display.
 All the joy *cannot* be sung !

For they can,
Like to man,
Open hearts, and glad confess,
Each to each, their happiness ;

For the God that gave them hearts
Gave the pulse to make them beat ;
And their hearts can feel the smarts
Of the cold's death-cruel darts ;
And they cry,
And they die,
For the summer light and heat,
Just as die
Man, so high,
At a little pain or ill—
At a little sorrow's chill !

Thus I love to muse away
In the groves of Spire-hill,
Hour on hour, and there lay
Up for future thought and day
Gathered rhymes—
Fairy chimes—
That *will* make my heart to thrill ;
Birds and flowers,
Moonlit hours,
Dew-gemmed eyes and starry skies,
Love and peace and glad surprise !

To a Bunch of Violets.

(*Received from a Dear Friend.*)

Sweet, pretty flowers of the odorous Spring !
Drops of dew azure fallen from the skies !
Bouquet of beauty ! how ye fondly bring
Back to my heart the days I knew not sighs—
The days I knew not sighs ! Ah, cries
The very soul within me ! Memory
Rehearses that *bygone*—now lost to me !

Ah, pretty flowers, how loved ye are by me !
 I glory in the story of thine eyes—
 A story full of love, while love shall be
 A bloom of Heaven that never, never dies.
 Upon this earth—as tropic flowers surprise
 Us by their glory ; all too quickly gone
 On Arctic shores—withering every one.

Dear flowers of Heaven, beautifully blue—
 Colour of faith and honesty and truth !
 The deep, deep sea—the skies' o'erarching hue—
 Are bound to thee as beauty is to youth.
 And the "forget-me-not"—in sooth,
 The only rival that at all to thee
 Can come anear in sweet simplicity.

When looking in thine eyes, my winsome flowers,
 I seem as gazing deep into a well,
 Or into those bright eyes of magic powers
 That gazed upon thee first. Ah, shall I tell
 Her name, that is to me a potent spell
 Of love and beauty and companion song ?
 Ah, no ; for then to me it would no more belong.

Dear sender of these flowers, shall I praise
 Thee for the thoughtfulness, to say the least,
 That tempted thee my weary heart to raise,
 By offering me such rich and glorious feast ?
 Gratitude, 'tis said, is known to beast,
 And bird, and fish, in their gay lives of glee ;
 But I give more—my soul's deep sympathy.

Ah, fair one ! all unknown to me thou art ;
 I've never heard the utterance of thy tongue—
 I've never seen thy face ; and yet the heart
 That beats within thy bosom sure hath sung
 It's sweetest thrills, on which I've raptured hung.
 I've never seen thee—never heard thy voice ;
 And yet, somehow, I'll evermore rejoice.

The Midnight Parliament.

Once upon a night I dreamed
 That I lay in Killinard,
 And upon my grave there beamed
 Down the silv'ry light that streamed
 From the moon,
 And a tune
 Night winds sang—a weird bard—
 Through the grass,
 Which, alas !
 Waved o'er me a loving shroud —
 I who once was vain and proud.

And I dreamed a ghost's array,
 Each upon its stone or mound,
 Was around me, and the play
 Of the moonbeams, light as day,
 Made the scene
 Yet, I ween,
 Far more thrilling. Not a sound
 Might the ear
 Catch a-near,
 Save the breeze's undertone
 Making sad and weary moan.

And each ghost held in its hand,
 So that it might be best known,
 The "breast-plate" that, by command,
 Was engraved with letters grand
 Of the name
 And the fame
 Of the dead one, who alone
 Knew the whole
 Bitter roll
 Of the mockeries which were hid
 'Neath the coffin's closed lid.

As the moon upon each plate
 Shone with lustre bright and clear,

II

One might read of names once great,
 Names and mem'ries full of fate,
 Names so grand,
 That the land
 Lost them with a sigh and tear.
 To replace,
 All their race
 Might, ah ! never hope for aye—
 Gone like snows of yesterday.

And each ghost seemed in surprise
 To gaze questioning on me ;
 And the holes which once were eyes,
 But through which I saw the skies,
 By the light
 Of the night,
 Seemed to glower fearfully,
 As they gazed,
 All amazed,
 At myself upon a stone,
 With a "*breast-plate*" not my own.

Then up spoke a skeleton,
 Crouching on a monument—
 "Mortal, wherefore here upon
 This most solemn scene?—begone !
 Haste away—
 Go, I say,
 From our dismal parliament.
 All too soon
 Will the moon
 See you represented thus—
 See you here as one of us."

Quick as though by bugle sound,
 Like as soldiers in array,
 All the dead things sprang around,
 Close to me upon the ground,
 Lifting high
 Towards the sky
 All their shields bestreaked with clay,

And a groan,
Or a moan
Half of threatening, half despair,
Rose and died upon the air.

Then I rose upon my stone,
As one stepped forth from the throng,
And the shield was *not* mine own
Sparkled as the moonlight shone,
Dazzling bright,
Silv'ry white,
And the name on it was *wrong* !
Then I cried,
Loud I cried—
“ Visions that immortal are,
See ye not the morning star ? ”

For my heart was full of fear,
And I knew I was not dead ;
And the ghosts did all appear,
Each with threat'ning, horrid leer,
To intend
Make an end
Of my life and all my dread ;
And the plate,
Full of fate,
That I carried in my hand,
Seemed to irritate the band.

Then I got me off the tomb,
And I asked me to retire ;
But they looked at me with gloom,
And I read a fearful doom
In their eyes,
In their cries,
In their bones of clay and mire ;
And I cried,
Wildly cried—
“ O ye who immortal are,
See ye not the morning star ? ”

Sudden through the night there swept
 Something, which I'll call a sigh,
 And each spectre anon slept
 'Neath their stones, and moonbeams wept
 At the change,
 All so strange ;
 And each night-bird gave a cry,
 And a chill,
 Or a thrill,
 Went through me, by horror sent,
 At this wond'rous parliament.

The Summer is coming.

The summer is coming !
 The bees with their humming,
 The birds with their singing,
 The flowers up-springing,
 The white clouds unfurling,
 The clear waters purling,
 The oxen all lowing,
 The soft breezes blowing,
 The trees full of shading,
 The small birds upraising,
 The smoke straight ascending,
 The bright flowers blending,
 Long evenings of gloaming,
 Fond lovers far roaming,
 The blossom and berry,
 The milkmaids so merry,
 The sunsets so glorious,
 All nature uproarious,
 The walks and the rambles,
 Through lanes and through brambles.
 Oh ! the summer is coming, is coming, is coming !
 My weary heart fretting
 Was nearly forgetting
 The summer is coming !

The summer is coming !
 The summer is coming !
 Blest season of gladness,
 My blood in its madness,
 In the joy of its gladness,
 Goeth rushing along,
 Till my soul is with song
 Filled up to the brim,
 And my eyes that are dim
 With the long winter's snow,
 Sudden light up and glow
 At the change of the scene.
 Oh, how sweet is the green,
 Verdant hue of the grass,
 To the same when, alas !
 It is treated so ill
 By the winter-winds chill !
 And the blossoming bushes,
 All harmonious with thrushes,
 Each bush like a bower
 For some beautiful flower—
 How wondrously changed
 Since the icy winds ranged
 Through branches all bare,
Now so exquisite fair !
 'Tis the wave of a wand
 Of some beautiful sprite
 That changeth the land
 To the home of delight ;
 And the name of the sprite
 (She's the child of the sun)
 Is that season so bright
 'Fore the autumn's begun.
 Gentle *Summer*, I trow,
 Is her name that we know.
 Oh ! the summer is coming, is coming, is coming !
 My weary heart fretting
 Was nearly forgetting
 The summer is coming !



Farewell.

Farewell!—when the word it is spoken,
 How the heart yields a pang and a throb !
 As the ties of a life-time are broken,
 How the bosom contracts with a sob !

Farewell! with the eyes brimming over,
 Brimming over and welling with tears,
 We part with the friend or the lover,
 That part of our being appears.

Farewell! by the side of the tomb-stone,
 As we drop the affectionate tear,
 And recall the dear face once so well known,
 We make of our bosom a bier.

And *farewell!* when our barque is careering
 Its way through the world of waves ;
 Oh ! farewell to the land disappearing,
 The land of our homes and our graves.

Oh ! the sound of the drear word farewell,
 How it rings on the heart and the brain !
 Full of sorrow—of agony's swell—
 How it telleth of nothing but pain !

'Tis the sound of the earth on the lid
 Of the coffin that holdeth the dust
 Of a heart which, now pulseless and hid,
 Once bore thee love, faithfulness, trust.

'Tis the sound of sweet kisses and words
 Known only on earth to you two,
 That vibrate in hearts' innermost chords,
 Though one of the two was untrue.

Oh ! farewell, and farewell, and farewell
 To all that life once had to give !
 For life without love is a hell,
 And for me it is nothing to live.

Hail to the Time we Met.

(For Music.)

Hail to the time we met, my love ;
 Hail to the time we met ;
 Our hearts were true to each other, love,
 With a love we could ne'er forget.
 Hail to the time, that olden time,
 When our hearts were warm and young ;
 Seems it in fancy another clime,
 Or a song in our dreams we've sung !

Hail to the time when our spirits were
 So joyous and bold and free ;
 Sure the lark on his pinions in ether air
 Never rivalled our liberty.
 And our souls were as pure as that child of air,
 And our limbs were as his wings,
 And our hearts as blithe and free from care
 As he when he passionately sings.

And we loved each other as few do love,
 For our souls were one in twain,
 And our hands were clasped, and our eyes, my love,
 How they glistened at each dear name !
 And we loved, *machree*, as the angels may,
 Free from passion or ought that stains ;
 Just as a beam from the sun may play
 Round the lowliest flower of the plains.

Many a year hath fled since, my love ;
 Many a year hath fled ;
 And we stand alone in old age, my love,
 For the friends of our youth are dead.
 And nought have we but our love, my own,
 Neither riches, nor friends, nor home ;
 In a world of strangers we stand alone—
 A barque in a waste of foam.

But our love, sure, to us is all in all,
 'Tis riches, and friends, and more

Than the future may bring or the past recall,
 With all its wild wealth and store ;
 For our life has but taught us what few do know,
 That *two* hearts can in truth be *one*—
 That two souls can unite, and with fervour throw
Their all on a race to run.

Then hail ! all hail to the moment we
 First met by the rippling stream.
 'Tis long since past, but we yet can see
 That moment as in a dream.
 Then hail to the time we met, my love ;
 Hail to the time we met—
 Our hearts were true to each other, love,
 With a love we could *ne'er* forget.

Christmas Bells.

Hear the Bells ! Christmas Bells !
 Glorious Bells ! gladsome Bells !
 How they ring ! how they sing !
 How they swell ! sweetly tell
 Of the time that they chime !
 Blessed time ! sweetest chime
 Of the year now so near
 Its own funeral Bell !

Christmas time ! Christmas time !
 Thus they sing, thus they ring,
 With a peal that you feel
 Through your frosted bosom steal,
 Blithely swelling, joyous telling
 Of the reason of the season.
 Hearts expand to the grand,
 Simple strain that they rain
 From each tower in a shower.
 Drops of music—enthusiastic,
 We enfold, like as gold,
 In our heart, far apart

From the dust and the rust,
 From the dross and the loss,
 From the wear and the tear
 Of each day work and play,
 Or of joy with its alloy,
 Or of sorrow with its morrow.

Simple strains ! blessed strains !
 How they toll ! how they roll !
 How they swell as they tell
 With a sweetness and completeness
 All their own—theirs alone—
 Of the King whom they sing,
 Whom they praise as they raise
 High the glory and the story
 Of His name—of His name !

Christmas Bells ! Christmas Bells !
 Glorious Bells ! gladsome Bells !
 How they sing ! how they ring
 O'er the valley and the dale !
 How they spring ! how they fling
 From their throats blithesome notes,
 As they try far to fly,
 And to tell right and well
 O'er the land all the grand,
 Sublime story, in its glory,
 And its beauty, and its duty,
 And its love from above,
 The hallowed Christmas tale !

January.

Bold January, chill January, elder born,
 And first fruits of the young and royst'ring year !
 Welcome thou art, though in thy mien forlorn,
 And in thine eyes, half frozen, glints a tear ;
 And elf-locks wild that never hath been shorn,
 Wave in the winds and bannerets appear ;

And o'er thy form is a garment torn,
 Made of the leaves of autumn and things drear ;
 And all thy presence hath an air joy-sworn,
 So lorn and wretched, that all life in fear
 Doth hide itself away, and trembling mourn
 For the glad summer made for it to cheer,
 When the bright earth shall cast from it as worn
 Its winter garb, and like a queen adorn.

Wild Flowers.

A little flower
 That buds and blooms, unthought of and unknown,
 Beneath some aged tree, or on some bank,
 Or in some ruin old—how beautiful !
 Scatt'ring its sweetness everywhere, unthanked ;
 Or, if 'twere seen, despised and scorned, like some
 Pure spirit ministering for good by stealth—
 Not for reward, applause of men, or gain,
 But happy in the pow'r to shed a ray
 Of happiness, to brighten with a gleam
 Some lonely place, mayhap some lonely heart,
 Some solitary soul, or of its load
 To lessen, with its beauty and its smile,
 Some weary one travailing with grief,
 Or pain, or sorrow—to point the worldly
 To heaven above, and teach humility
 To everyone.

A primrose bright and gay,
 A violet so blue, a snowdrop pure,
 A daisy winsome, and a cowslip bold—
 How glorious each in its own beauty rare !
 So like, and yet so different in all
 The various garbs of beauty and of scent—
 The soul of Flora's children ! Sentinel
 Of inward purity, and truth, and worth,
 As conscience is of men. Oh ! can there be
 In heaven, or earth, or in yon planets far,

A symbol of exquisite purity
 Meeter than some poor flow'ret of the vale,
 Blushing its happy little life away ?

A merry bird,
 Airing its tuneful voice within some thorn,
 Upon a dewy morn in springtide's noon,
 When everything is green, and fresh, and fair,
 And "happiness," the key-note of it all,
 Is not, to all intents and purposes,
 More joyous in its music, blithe and gay,
 More joyous in its plumage, beautiful,
 More joyous in its mating, in its nest,
 Than is my winsome flow'ret of the dell,
 Or of the bank, or of the meadow-field,
 Or of the breezy upland, or the moor,
 When, 'neath the ardent glances of the sun—
 The passionate love-glances of the sun—
 It shakes from off its petals dewy pearls,
 The gift of fairy morn and mother night,
 And, looking upward, pays obeisance meet
 To *Him*, the Light and Life of flowerdom !—
 To *Him*, the glorious Lover of the sky !
 And, in full tribute, casts from out its heart
 A flush of odour-incense, pure and sweet,
 The meetest prayer of all created things,
 Though styled by man inanimate and dead.

Methinks there seems
 In each poor, lowly, humble blossom here,
 Gracing our banks, our roadsides, and our fields,
 Beautifying our moorlands and our lanes,
 A trace of *that* lost Paradise, where once
 Heaven was visioned on this earth below—
 A remnant of that garden wherein dwelt
 The Mother of our race. O Eden fair !
 Were flow'rs in thee before the blooms we have,
 As thou wert to the world in which we live,
 No wonder the Creator, God and King,
 Declared "*'twas very good !*"

I love the flowers ;

I love them, everyone—the rich, the rare—
 Uncultivated vagrants of the hedge,
 And hot-house ones of luxury refined—
 I care not what they are, or where they grew,
 Or what the names philosophy may give.
 If they are flowers, 'tis all I want to know—
 The commoner the better, if 'tis common
 To be in beauty widespread everywhere.
 The wilder—sweeter far ! Give me a rose,
 A thorny rose, from off some tangled briar,
 That never felt a pruning-knife, or hand
 To guide it, or to teach it where to shoot,
 And I will love it for its vagrancy,
 And spy out beauties in it which its kind,
 Growing within some garden, tender cared,
 Ah ! never could reveal—at least to me.
 Give me a primrose—yellow, sweet-eyed rogue—
 Smiling at you from out its sheltered nook
 Of old-tree roots, and I can worship it
 With heartfelt love for innocence and truth ;
 For innocence and truth are visioned there
 Within its yellow disc, so beautiful !
 Give me a violet—symbolical
 Of all that represents sweet purity ;
 Of everything that blushes to the skies ;
 Of everything that reddens 'neath the sun—
 And I will glory in its azured eye—
 Drop, we may call it, from the empyrean !
 Give me a daisy, too—but why go on ?
 One flow'r hath but the difference
 From any other that one star in heaven
 Hath from another orb, to mortal eyes.
 All, all are beautiful ! The more we know
 Of each, the more our souls may praise our God,
 The Architect divine, who ordered all
 To please His love and wisdom ; and the care,
 The power, in the movements of yon star,
 Are just as well exemplified in moss
 That covereth the tombstone with its sheen.
 The rose, the violet, the daisy, are,

Each in its way, as truly beautiful,
 As glorious, as sublime, as all the orbs
 That roll, or e'er have rolled, in heaven's span !

The Youth and the Sage.

"What is life?" cried a youth, "but the rush of one's blood
 Through the veins in a buoyant, empurpling flood—
 In a flood that gilds everything o'er with a glow,
 As the sun when it beams on the valley below—
 In a flood, as it danceth and floweth along,
 Makes the beat of one's heart the refrain of a song."

"What is love?" quoth the youth, with a laugh in his eye.
 "'Tis the feeling one hath when a maiden is nigh—
 A maiden that loves thee and claims thee alone,
 And the pulse of whose heart is the pulse of thine own ;
 A maiden whose eye beameth only for *thee*,
 And whose rich crimson lips to thee only are free."

"What is happiness? *Ah !*" cried the youth, with a sigh,
 "Under heaven there's nothing like *that* when we lie
 In a fair, snowy bosom, in two circling arms,
 And *know* thou possessest the queen and her charms ;
 And each lingering kiss is a heaven to thee,
 As is a sweet flower to some wandering bee !"

"What is death? said the youth, in a gay, careless tone.
 "'Tis the subject for sages to consider alone,
 And meetest for them that *will* bother their brains.
 They are fools, if they knew it, in reward for their pains.
 But for youth and for beauty to argue—enough !
 'Tis but fit for the poor, and the old, and the gruff."

"What is life? cried the sage, with a head white as snow.
 "'Twas a dream of my youth, when my veins were aglow ;
 'Twas a will-o'-the-wisp that beguiled me along ;
 'Twas a siren enraptured my soul with a song ;
 'Twas a snare, a delusion—my heart only knows
All the bitterness lay in the draught at its close."

"What is love?" quoth the sage, and his eye became dimmed.

"'Tis the etching on glass which the frost king hath limned ;

'Tis a bright gleam of sun which is over too soon ;

'Tis the heart of the summer in the middle of June ;

'Tis the bloom on the pansy, the blush on the rose ;

'Tis the frailest, the sweetest wild flower that blows."

"What is happiness ? Ah !" cried the sage, " if I tell,
I will not be trusted, tell I ever so well.

There is nothing like happiness under the sun,

For pleasure is tasteless when scarcely begun.

A fond woman's charms, be they ever so fair,

Are but a delusion, a dream and a snare !"

"What is death?" said the sage. "Ah ! now I'm at home,
For *death* hath to me no terrors to come.

'Tis the passing away of illusions and lies ;

'Tis the soaring of spirits to kindred skies ;

'Tis farewell to this world of sorrows and sins,

For that world where life never-ending begins."

My Heart and I.

Cease, my heart, thus wildly throbbing ;

Rest thee, troubled, frightened thing.

Why thine own life-springs thus robbing—

Why thy living waters fling,

Fevered beating through my breast ?

Rest thee, frightened flutterer, rest.

What compels thee thus to sorrow,

For 'tis sorrow aileth thee ?

Hath *hope* for thee no bright to-morrow—

No balm for all this agony ?

Must thou kill thyself with throbbing,

Poor dumb heart, with grief and sobbing ?

Hath life for thee no joy that's left—

No single joy of all that were ?

Or art thou of them all bereft,
 Vanished into the thinnest air ?
 Is there not *even* a little one
 Hidden away for thee alone ?

Hath love, sweet love, no balm for thee—
 Love that can charm all griefs away,
 As from the sun all vapours flee,
 Leaving him monarch of the day ?
 If so, poor heart, 'twere well for thee
 To be where throbbings cannot be.

The heart which life hath nought to charm,
 Which finds no balm in love's sweet kiss,
 Is not a heart for earth to harm—
 'Twas never made for world like this.
 Then, flutterer, cease, thou'lt soon be free
 When life and love have nought for thee.

There is a world beyond the tomb,
 A world of perfect peace and rest,
 A world that knoweth nought of gloom—
 Then cease, thou flutterer of my breast.
 Thou'lt soon be there, thou'lt soon be there,
 And free, poor thing, from every care.

Yes, in that home beyond the sod,
 The sod which covers thee and me,
 We'll be in presence of our God—
 The God that knows what aileth thee.
 With thee, O heart ! well may it be
 In that dread day's sublimity.

Then cease, poor fluttering, trembling thing ;
 Rest thee in peace a little while.
 A day will come when doors shall fling
 Wide open, and we shall see the smile
 Of Him who rules Eternity.
 O heart ! but think of that for thee.



Happiness.

I asked the flowers that perfumed all the air,
 That glowed in glorious beauty 'neath the sun,
 To whisper me their secret—why so fair ;
 And how the golden apple they had won
 Of happiness—that fruit of all so rare—
 'Fore yet their sunny lives are scarce begun ?
 The flowers replied—“ Ah ! mortal, thou hast there
 Enshrined within thy breast (would that we were
 But mortals too !) far, far beyond compare,
 The gem eternal—a never-dying soul,
 That shall exist when earth itself shall roll
 No more through space—erased from heaven's scroll !”

I asked the birds—the songsters of the grove—
 To tell to me what stimulated them
 To fill the woods and fields with notes of love—
 With glorious gems from music's diadem.
 Yon lark bears witness—a speck in heaven above—
 Whose thrilling voice far distance cannot stem.
 The birds made answer—“ Mortal, we have song
 By the good God that made it given us,
 That in our song our short lives might seem long,
 And singing 'neath His smile, be happy thus.
 But thou, O man ! hath that to make thee strong—
 Be happy too—thou knowest right from wrong.”

I asked the beasts that roaméd o'er the plain,
 In might and strength, and every beauty, too,
 To tell to me the secret which I pain
 To know, and that my pain might thus undo—
 Why they in dumb, blind beauty have a strain
 Of happiness all, perfect in my view ?
 The beasts replied—“ Ah ! mortal, we have nought
 But what the God that made us sheds around—
 The sunlight warm, the grass, the water brought
 In crystal rills and wells from out the ground.
 But, mortal, all we have or ever sought
 Is nought to that for thee eternity hath found.”

I asked the fish that swam in limpid streams,
 Seeming as points of light, as to and fro
 They glanced, like merry thoughts within our dreams,
 To whisper me their secret soft and low—
 The secret of their happiness, which seems,
 Next to the birds and flowers, perfect so.
 The fish replied, and they like points of gold
 And silver did appear within the spray—
 “Ah ! mortal, all our happiness is told
 When we have but a stream wherein to play.
 A water-jug our every wealth might hold ;
 But man hath joy that deepens day by day.”

I asked the stars that beamed from the sky—
 Eyes of the Living God—to tell to me
 Had they not happiness in heaven so high,
 Looking upon God's wealth continually—
 Had they not happiness were't but to lie
 'Neath the Creator's smiles, on sky, earth, and sea ?
 The orbs of light made answer thus, and said,
 “Mortal, we know not happiness like thine—
 We are but specks of matter, cold and dead.
 Our mission is in heaven but to shine ;
 But lamps we are—our duty is to tread
 The vault of space—to dwell therein is thine,
 O son of earth's immortal Heavenly line !”

Parted.

We all know sorrow more or less ;
 We all have shaken hands with grief ;
 We all have bowed in deep distress,
 And thought *our* sorrow as the chief
 That e'er afflicted human heart—
 As though 'twould soul and body part.
 But where is woe like unto that
 Which separates two youthful souls—
 Two souls that are as one ? “Time rolls
 Along its viewless track,” but hath
 No power e'er again to bring

Back, and undo, upon its tide

What Death and Fate combined to fling
O'er two that loved. But one hath died,
And she a pledged and promised bride !
Aye ! Fate and Death have worked their will ;
Her heart is low, without a thrill.
And *mine* ! Be quiet, heart—be still :
'Tis well for *her* ; but, ah ! no skill
Can ever quicken mine again,
Till the glad, longed-for moment when
I'm lowered to my darling's side,
And feel indeed she is my bride.

Fate.

There is an influence over all,
An influence beyond control,
That holdeth all things in its thrall—
A midge's death—a living soul.
We know not what it is, but say
That Fate, dark Fate, must have its way !

'Tis thus the infidels expound
The great mysterious ways of God.
Worms are they, and upon the ground
Grovel they will, till they are trod
Into the dust from whence they rose,
And, like the midges, had their day ;
But as each weary eye shall close,
'Twill learn that *Fate* is *God* away.

An Epitaph.

Once upon an evening lone,
Wandering through a churchyard green,
Came I on an ancient stone—
Rudely sculptured it had been.
Letters faint,
Dim and quaint,

Hidden all by mosses sheen,
Showed the *name* that once had been.

Scraped I all the moss away,
All the greenery that hid ;
Read I in the light of day
All that it had once forbid.
All alone,
Cut in stone,
Glowed these letters of the past,
Made their owner to outlast.

"*John—aged thirty*"—thus it ran,
Short and pithy in its tone,
This memorial of a man
Long forgotten and unknown.
Buried, hid
'Neath the lid
Of that granite slab—the dead
Spoke to me as thus I read :

"*Died upon a summer's day,*"
Thus went on the epitaph,
"*When the children were at play.*"
Hark, the merry call and laugh !
And their feet
In the street
Played tattoo, as on a drum,
Saying to the dying, *Come !*

Stranger, pilgrim, turn aside
But one moment here with me—
As I read of him who died
Thus, through tears I cannot see.
Crumbling bones
'Neath these stones
Might each tell a history,
Sad as ever sad could be.

Who was John, and *when* he died,
Nothing on the stone to tell—

Whether he left those that cried
 When they heard his funeral bell ;
 Mother, wife,
 All that life
 Makes the dearer, sweeter far—
Silence reigned as yonder star !

“ *Requiescat in pace* ” was graved,
 But nor name, nor more record.
 Women’s hearts might be bereaved ;
 But their sorrow left no word.
 Yet to me,
 Agony
 Weeps and wails in every tone
 Of that grave-stone all alone.

Maureen.

(*For Music.*)

I love my own, my Maureen dear,
 My own gay, roguish, colleen fair ;
 Her dear, sweet, lustrous eyes appear
 As stars, from out her coal black hair.
 My heart’s aflame
 At her sweet name—
 Save her alone I have no care.

O Maureen, Maureen, colleen dear !
 I know not whether smiles or tears
 Make thee more beautiful appear.
 A tear-drop, love, but more endears,
 While smiles, you know,
 Are as the glow
 Of sun, that beauty never fears.

The other name for girl is cruel,
 As thou, dear Maureen, art to me.
 Thou knowest that I love thee, jewel,
 And prize I nothing more than thee ;

Yet still a smile
Once in a while,
And I must very grateful be.

O Mary oge ! O Mary oge !
Half saint thou art and half a sinner.
In love, I know, thou'rt all a rogue,
And merciless to a beginner.
In love's wild race
I have no place,
And scarcely hope to be a winner.

To win one look from thee, my love,
To earn one smile from out thine eyes,
I'd wrest the stars from heaven above,
And face the monarch of the skies ;
And stars and sun,
As tribute won,
Would lie where tribute always lies.

To win a place within thy breast ;
To earn a kiss from off those lips ;
To be by thee but once caressed ;
To be the bee that beauty sips—
I'd truly pay
What price thou'dst say—
Aye, life itself, upon those lips.

O Maureen, Maureen, Maureen dear !
I'd scorn the world if not for thee.
The skies above are never clear
If thou but sayest so to me.
Oh ! it were bliss
If 'twere but this,
Thou wert a flower and I a bee !

Corrig Hill.

(Near Portarlinton.)

The groves of Corrig ! how dear to me !
With their green arcades and their underwood,

And their mighty ferns, wherein I have stood,
All lost in sweet dreams of phantasy.

Evermore dear is the spot to me
Wherein first I learned to lisp in rhyme—
Wherein first I learned that Book sublime—
Nature's own sacred Breviary.

Evermore dear for its tuneful glades,
Ringing for ever with the voice of birds.
Oh ! what is more sweet than a choir of birds
To sing to the hearts of love-sick maids !

Evermore dear for the gentle light
That streams adown from the tree-hidden sky,
Their arms and branches waving on high—
Sentinels guarding their Eden bright !

I love thee, Corrig ! thou'rt dear to me.
How dear thou art I can scarcely tell ;
For each tree, each shrub, each flower full well
Knows that I love them passionately.

I love the birds in their glorious choir,
Filling all the wood with its melody—
Melody, my God, all in praise to Thee !
As though their light hearts were all on fire.

O groves of Corrig upon the hill !
O glades that with beauty my hearth doth fill !
O ye mazes wild that my soul doth thrill !
O Corrig ! I'll love you, love you till
My heart is for ever, ever still.

"1879."

O God ! and have we lived to see another—
Another year, with all its promises !
Another yet for plans and purposes !
And in Time's ranks a unit and a brother !

Another year !—another yet—of hope—
 Of aspirations high and dreamings wild—
 Of gay, illusive lights that may elope
 With all that glittering beckoned us and smiled,
 As marsh-lights in our infancy beguiled !
 Another year ! another rosary
 Of months and days, all beaded one by one
 Upon a chain of Time's own jewel'ry !
 Where shall we be when it is told and run
 Into Eternity's deep void, and done ?
 Where shall we be when next December comes,
 With wailing winds and havoc-working storms ;
 When days are dark and full of funeral glooms,
 And rude Boreas fills us with alarms ;
 As, hovering like a hawk, he shadows with his plumes ;
 Where shall we be ?—Oh ! who is there can tell,
 Or read one page of dark futurity ?
 Wise as we are, where is the one can spell
 A few poor lines from its obscurity ?
 Deep in thy bosom, Earth ! a narrow grave,
 On which a few poor flowers may deign to grow,
 A memory and a tear, the most may have
 When the New Year is gone and leaves us low !
 The highest in the land, the lowliest,
 The oldest and the youngest, worst and best,
 Are destined all to flicker and decline,
 And fall as withered leaves from off the pine,
 And why not *we* amongst the rest,
 Ere the New Year arrives with its all-searching test ?

The Snow.

The snow has come, the snow is here,
 The first white shroud of all the year,
 Cov'ring everything, far and near ;
 And as it lieth here below,
 The frailest, purest thing we know,
 We often wonder what is snow.

They tell us 'tis but frozen rain,
 That, crystallized in cold's domain,

Down from the skies it flies in vain,
 To seek a home on earth, may be
 A resting place for purity—
 But snow, it is not such for thee.

They tell us many wondrous tales
 Of how King Winter never fails
 To come attendant with the wails
 Of wind and rain, and frost and snow,
 And everything that bringeth woe
 Upon this weary world below.

They tell us snow is but a name,
 And on it layeth every blame
 For all that with it ever came
 In winters past of misery,
 When cold and want made havoc free,
 And filled the graves of poverty.

They tell us snow is cruel, cold,
 Fell enemy of poor and old ;
 Its record sad is all untold.
 It crusheth life from everything—
 The bitter foe of joyous spring,
 It never would the flowers bring.

They tell us 'tis a shroud of death,
 Destroying all things with a breath,
 Meet emblem of a northern wraith ;
 As, once enfolded in its arms,
 You'll never more know life's alarms—
 You'll never more know beauty's charms.

They tell us 'tis a funeral pall,
 Cov'ring everything, great and small—
 Flowers and birds, and trees and all.
 The mountains high are mantled o'er ;
 The valleys low are now no more—
 We scarce know what we knew before.

And yet, no matter *what* they say,
 I glory in a snowy day,

And almost wish 'twould snow alway.
 There is a rapture in the time
 When youth is in its joyous prime,
 And veins are dancing to their chime.

The snow ! the snow ! the falling snow !
 Cov'ring everything here below—
 The frailest, purest thing we know.
 We care not *what* the old may say ;
 We'll revel in a snowy day,
 And almost wish 'twould snow alway,

Spring.

Hail to the Spring, blest time of joy !
 Season when the year hath no alloy
 In its young happiness, but to beam
 All o'er with smiles, and, dimpling, dream
 Of its new dress within the loom,
 When, as a bride, the year shall bloom
 As only a maiden fair can bloom
 When she knows her beauty and beauty's doom ;
 When she feels the joy and the happiness
 That beauty yields, and its power to bless ;
 When the birds are fluttering o'er with bliss,
 And the opening buds take the breezes' kiss,
 And the sun looks down with a joyous pride
 On the earth—on the maid—that he makes a bride ;
 That he decks with glory and crowns with love,
 And fondly smiles from his throne above
 On the beauties and graces that only live
 In the fostering rays that he can give,
 And wither in sorrow and surely die
 When hid from the light of his kindling eye.

Spring ! Spring ! beautiful Spring !
 Haste, oh ! haste, and thy mantle fling
 O'er the fields now bleak and drear,
 Stricken and faint with winter sere.

Touch with thy wand the hedgerows all ;
 Trees and bushes and flowers recall
 To life renewed, and their hues of green
 Shall be a boudoir for their youthful queen.

A Meeting.

'Tis night ;
 Ten thousand glittering stars, aglow
 With light enkindled at the shrine
 Of Heaven's day-king, looked down upon
 The rolling of this earthly sphere,
 Like tapers held aloft to show
 The beauties of some sovereign maid
 In her royal passing to and fro.

The love-sick moon,
 All pale, like maiden sighing for
 Caresses of a truant knight,
 Her silvery beams are shedding far,
 Hallowing and engilding all
 With a sweet, ghostly, mournful light—
 A light but fit for ruins old,
 Or grave-yards solitary and drear,
 Or lovers all alone and lorn,
 When they are gushing forth with sighs,
 And haunting half the night with tears,
 And mournful speeches to the air.

A sighing breeze
 Just stirs the leaves and bends the flowers,
 Which, like as sentinels on guard,
 Obeisance to superior pay,
 And at the self-same time give forth
 Ambrosial odours to the night,
 That come upon the sense as sighs
 From some sweet maiden pure and fair,
 That upward to the skies ascend—
 An "incense-offering" for some sin
 That in her fancy seemeth real,
 But is as real as Fairydom,

Or that her vestal bosom could
Mirror, but what her tongue could tell
To all the world and God above.

And thus the time,
And thus the witching scene, when, in
The sacred fane of Hy-Kildare—
St. Brigid's ruin—old and grim,
With monuments like grass around,
And ivy weeping o'er the walls,
And nightbirds wheeling in and out,
With many an eldritch weird cry,
And the round tower shadowing,
Like an old Druid priest that loves
To shadow all with mystery,
And nought to see or hear anear
But "*in memoriam*" to the dead—
To human dead and glory past,
Long, long forgotten and unknown,
And "*requiescant in pace*" o'er all,
I met my own, my Isabel,
My life, my joy, my pride, my boast,
And, clasped together heart to heart,
For one short blissful hour we knew
Not if there were an earth or heaven,
A star above, a flower beneath,
A breeze of air, a ruin old,
A past, or a futurity ;
Or whether it were day or night,
Or all the griefs our lives did know,
Or all the weary hopes and fears,
Or aught but that we were together ;
And all the world and all its woes
Were but as feathers in the scale,
When weighed against the happiness
One blissful hour could bestow
On two who loved with love divine
As I and Isabel.



February.

There is a month—of January the twin—

The first real month that harbingers the spring ;
And though the winds are somewhat fierce and thin,
And down the chimneys riotously do sing,
And make the slates upon the streets to ring ;

And though the flowers have not as yet appeared,
And though the trees are aught as yet but green,
And though the birds have not as yet endeared
The hedgerows and the groves with songs, I ween ;
And on the distant hills is plainly seen

Nature's white coverlet—pure and cold—her own ;
And many are the poor that still make moan—
Yet still I hail thee, February, and feel
Summer's soft zephyrs o'er my fancy steal.

Lines.

(Written in the Groves of Corrig, Portarlington.)

As standing in some spot akin to this,
And feeling in its essence hallowed o'er,
Where is the being that its innate bliss
Fails to discern, as it more and more,
With every moment's parting, yet reveals
Beauties within beauties, wild and free—
Earth, air and sky—and all that steals
O'er the imagination's sympathy ?
Wise were the men of old who made the groves,
The hillsides, and the valleys, and the floods,
Their very choicest temples. Nature loves
The innate consecration of the woods,
Their sublime architecture and their awe.
Where is the massive structure, stone on stone,
However supremely sculptured, that can thaw
Man's frozen heart like they alone—

The first pure vestibules to that great shrine
 At which we all do worship more or less,
 Ofttimes unconsciously, as plants incline
 Instinctively, as yearning to caress
 And revel in the embraces of the light ?
 Where is the gorgeous ritual can create,
 Or give the eager soul such bright,
 Prophetic glances as await
 The humble and earnest student in the glades ;
 Or by the murmuring waters, or the vales ;
 Or on the banks and braes, while Heaven shades
 With its vast vault, to which pales
 Into mere nothingness all human domes
 With life's pulsations beating all around ?
 Sure there is *something* we can trace
 Inherent in e'en nature's humblest form—
 A spirit of devotion, that the face
 Of deepest calm as well as mightiest storm
 Betrays, though oft unconsciously, that leaves
 Embossed upon the mind—a *thought*,
 That Heaven and Earth, and everything that weaves
 The universe in one, are fraught,
 Instilled with a Divine exquisiteness
 Of adoration to the Lord—
 Great Architect of All !—and whose impress
 But testifies His majesty and word,
 As witnessed in Creation's unanimous accord !

A Summer's Eve.

A summer's eve ! a summer's eve !—
 An hour before the night comes on—
 'Tis *then* sweet fancies o'er me weave
 The spell that bids dull care begone.
 A summer's eve ! a summer's eve !—
 The stately full round moon's aglow ;
 The time is just the time to leave
 Behind this weary world of woe.
 The time is just the time to roam
 By river's bank, by rippling stream—

Their music in the gathering gloam
 Is full of many a thought and dream.
 Or 'neath the shadows of the trees,
 With branches o'erarching wide,
 To wander full of thoughts that please,
 And revel in the moonbeams' tide.
 Or in the garden near the flowers—
 Some fast asleep, and more awake,
 But all true children of sun-showers—
 What happiness we might partake !
 Or in the lowly churchyard green,
 With every stone and every sod
 Steeped in the moonlight's hallowed sheen—
 What thoughts would turn to death and God !
 Or in some ruin, old and worn,
 Memorial of an earlier day ;
 In Time's rude combat fiercely torn—
 How melancholy in decay !
 Oh ! it is sweet to wander free—
 Alone—or with one heart thine own—
 At such a time, and feel the glee
 That fills thy soul—thy soul alone.
 There is a happiness and peace
 To the bright hours of day unknown,
 That fill the stilly hours when cease
 The noise and clangor—day's alone.
 Oh ! it is sweetly beautiful—
 Oh ! it is beautiful and sweet,
 To feel thy soul reciprocal—
 To feel thy heart responsive beat
 Unto the influence of an *hour*,
 When Earth and Heaven as one appear,
 And we are spirits, with the power
 To know not sorrow, sob, or tear.

Wishing.

Oh ! that I had one heart to sympathise—
 One loving soul that could with mine commune,
 To hearken to my yearnings and my cries ;
 To quell the weary throbbings that too soon

Shall wear away the casket that confine
 Them within bounds as birds within a cage !
 Oh ! that I had one bosom to enshrine
 Me in its depths, where aught were sacrilege
 That entered save as lowly suppliant,
 As long ago, when criminals did fly,
 With death behind, to sanctuary compliant,
 And 'neath the cross hot justice might defy !
 Oh ! that I had one pair of loving eyes
 To look into mine own !—and as a well
 Of spring cold water pure reflects the skies,
 In all the skies' swift changes, and doth tell
 The passing story of the varying scene,
 Responsive to each sudden change above,
 So might a loved one's eyes to mine, I ween,
 Reflect within their depths my looks of love,
 And, as a crystal well, I might therein
 Gaze, and in rapture find alone
 Nothing but eyes responsive to my own—
 Nothing but mortals sinning, if 'twere sin
 For each to set the other on a throne,
 And yield both eyes and heart in offering.

Delia.

I sing a song—I won't prolong ;
 If not too sweet, 'tis not too long—
 'Tis all about my Delia.
 She was a girl you'd wish to know ;
 Her skin was as the purest snow ;
 Each eye was but a coal-black sloe—
 Another Saint Cecilia !

I loved this girl with all my heart ;
 I thought from her I ne'er could part—
 But, oh ! for woman's frailty !
 The eyes that beamed with nought but fun,
 The lips with kisses underdone,
 The cheeks with roses from the sun—
 'Tis but *now* I can bewail thee !

I loved her dearly as my life ;
 I loved her dearly as my wife—
 She was my sun, my moon, my all !
 She was to me my Mecca shrine ;
 She was my Allah—my divine ;
 She was mine only—only mine—
 In heart and soul reciprocal.

Her eyes to me were orbs of light,
 That shone upon my dazzled sight
 As shines the Monarch of the Day.
 Bright meteors they from heaven given,
 To light a wand'rer, world-driven,
 Into some long-sought-for haven,
 Within some shelt'ring, restful bay.

Her cheeks to me were each a rose—
 As red a rose as Nature blows
 Upon her very richest thorn.
 Twin flowers they were of glorious hue,
 'Fore which you might all vainly sue ;
 'Twere sacrilege to merely view—
 They blew not for a mortal born.

Her lips were as the pansies warm ;
 They had a richness and a charm
 Peculiarly their right divine ;
 And bees might hover o'er and o'er—
 They could not pilfer all their store ;
 For honey took made honey more—
 Ah ! Delia, dear, those lips of thine !

Her breasts were each a small Mont Blanc ;
 Unequalled they in minstrel's song
 For whiteness and for purity.
 They seemed to me as made of snow,
 All free from stain, and, in their glow,
 Fair snowdrops that appeared to blow—
 Virginity's sweet surety.

And this fair maid in beauty bright,
 Who was to me a pure delight—
 My thought by day, my dream by night—

An angel down from heaven above,
 Whose spirit with my spirit strove
 In ardency of mutual love—
 But brought to me a bitter blight.

I sing a song—I can't prolong ;
 'Tis full of grief, and all too long—
 About the charming Delia—
 The Delia of starlit eyes,
 The Delia of looks and sighs,
 The Delia—*now* with surprise
 I find is *not* Cecilia—
 Is *not* a Saint Cecilia !

Mary.

Ah ! Mary, I'm dreaming
 When sunbeams were streaming
 Through casement, and beaming
 Around thy dear head.
 Fond mem'ries are springing
 Like ivy, and clinging
 To me, dear, and bringing
 Thee back from the dead.

Ah ! Mary, I'm dreaming
 Sweet thoughts that are teeming
 Through gone years, and seeming
 As though from the grave—
 Sweet thoughts that were spoken,
 Sweet kisses in token,
 Fond hopes long, long broken,
 As writ on a wave.

Ah ! Mary, the bowers,
 The beautiful flowers—
 Each a drop of May show'rs
 That wept o'er the land ;

The birds in the bushes,
 The linnets and thrushes,
 That thrill with sweet gushes
 From their feath'ry band.

The hours of sunlight,
 The evenings of moonlight,
 The long nights of starlight,
 The fireside, too—
Are all as vanity,
 And not the same to me
 As when I courted *thee*,
 And used them to woo.

Bowers are withered, dear ;
 Flowers with thorns tear,
 Birds fill with noise the air ;
 And all the hours are
 Sunlit and moonlit ones—
 Fireside and starlit ones—
 Weary with grief that runs,
 Driving peace afar.

Both waking and sleeping,
 Both laughing and weeping,
 I'm faithfully keeping
 My vigil to *thee*.
 My heart ever bending,
 With incense ascending
 Ever, and spending
 Its sweetness to *thee*.

May all, dear, forget me,
 May sorrow e'er fret me,
 May death never let me
 Rejoin thee above !—
 One stone cover never
 Our ashes, if ever
 My fond vow I sever,
 Or fail thee, my love !

Mary, in ancient Lea
 Lieth thy slumbering clay,
 Sleeping until that day
 When, love, to the skies,
 From thy low, narrow bed,
 Ever with daisies spread,
 Shalt thou arise, and wed
 Life-joy that ne'er dies.

Cheer Up!

Cheer up, faint heart, cheer up !
 The longest trial soon is past ;
 The longest night hath day at last.
 Spirit, revive—be not downcast—
 Cheer up, faint heart, cheer up !

Cheer up, weak heart, cheer up !
 We all are soldiers in the field—
 Soldiers, my comrade, should not yield.
 God is above—His love our shield—
 Cheer up, weak heart, cheer up !

Cheer up, poor heart, cheer up !
 What's the use of fainting, dying?
 Where's the use in ever crying?
 Nothing, friend, like trying, trying—
 Cheer up, poor heart, cheer up !

Cheer up, dear heart, cheer up !
 Wherefore bend to all this sorrow?
 Summon courage—freely borrow
 Hope's bright future in the morrow—
 Cheer up, dear heart, cheer up !

Cheer up, thou heart, cheer up !
 Man's no image without motion—
 “Painted ship on painted ocean ;”
 Quickened he is—Life is devotion—
 Cheer up, thou heart, cheer up !

Cheer up, blest heart, cheer up !
 Nights are dark and days are dreary ;
 Hearts and souls oftentimes are weary—
 Still there's joy—be cheery, cheery—
 With life there's joy—cheer up !

Pity Thou me !

O Father in Heaven ! Father and King !
 Look down on me while I passionately sing.
 Look down on me from Thy home in the skies ;
 Look down on me with Thy love-kindling eyes—
 A weariful pilgrim, wounded to death,
 Dying, yet fighting for life and for breath.
 Tender, compassionate, look Thou on me !
 Take me, my Father ; oh ! take me to Thee !
 Domine ! Domine !
 Tender, compassionate, pity Thou me !

Dear Father in Heaven, Thy wandering child,
 Covered with sin, and with heart sore defiled,
 Wearied, and broken, and helpless, and poor,
 Stricken beyond hope of joy to allure,
 Humbled and penitent—like a bruised reed—
 Comes back to Thee in his worst hour of need.
 Hoping and praying, I call upon Thee,
 Father compassionate, look down upon me !
 Domine ! Domine !
 Father compassionate, pity Thou me !

Father of mercy ! Creator of all !
 Without whose foreknowledge not even may fall
 The sparrow from house-top, the leaflet from tree—
 How much more of worth is a sinner to Thee !
 How much more of worth is the penitent's cry,
 Than e'en the most beautiful star in the sky !
 Then, O Creator ! look Thou down on me,
 Father of mercy, now crying to Thee—
 Domine ! Domine !
 Father of mercy, have pity on me !

Father compassionate ! Father of love !
 Smile down on me from Thy Heaven above ;
 Shed down on me all Thy dew from on high,
 Chastening, cheering, as when Thou art nigh.
 Beam down on me with a radiance divine,
 Whispering telling me that I am Thine—
 Whispering telling me that I shall be
 Evermore, evermore, dearer to Thee,
 Domine ! Domine !
 Evermore dearer and nearer to Thee.

A Winter Song.

Tis the first day of winter, and frosty and clear
 Is the nip of the morning—fresh beauties appear
 From the womb of the night. All the hedges are clad
 In a garb which might make the most miserable glad—
 In a mantle of white, and so light, and so bright,
 E'en the fairies, gay readers, it well might delight.
 Than frost in its beauty naught is can excell ;
 It is beauty itself, and a wonder as well,
 As it spreads o'er the bushes, and glitters and shines
 With its jewels exceeding a world of mines—
 As it covers the branches and quivering stems
 With its myriads of brilliantly glittering gems.

Oh ! there's no time of the year half so pleasant can be
 As a clear, frosty winter. I glory to see
 All the young and the healthy enfreed from the rule
 And the weeping of youth-dreaded bastille, the school.
 With books and hard lessons and maps flung away,
 How their hearts loud rejoice in the light of the day !
 How the blood in their veins goeth dancing along !
 How the clamour of voices itself is a song !

Oh ! the first day of winter ! the first fall of snow !
 The gathering of holly and green mistletoe !
 The decking of churches, the decking of walls,
 From cottages lowly to lordliest halls !

But there, I could sing for a day and a night
 Of the winter, blithe season of boyish delight ;
 Of the winter, blithe season of ice, frost, and snow ;
 Of the ivy-green, holly, and sweet mistletoe ;
 Of old Father Christmas, plum-pudding and ale—
 But all winter itself would not finish my tale.
 But one thing I know—I again say it here—
 There's no season like winter, when frosty and clear,
 Out of all the four seasons contained in the year.

Gently, softly.

Gently, softly, wafts a prayer
 From my heart to Heaven above,
 Rising, trembling, through the air
 To the Throne of Light and Love

Hardly daring lift mine eyes
 From the earth, of which they are
 Upward to the glorious skies,
 Dwelling of my God afar.

Softly, gently, wafts a sigh,
 Aspirated tremblingly,
 And it wingeth far on high
 To the presence, Lord, of Thee.

A Primrose.

Of all the flowers the hedgerows yield—
 Of all the gems now sweetly blowing
 On mossy banks in verdurous field—
 There's *none* so full of beauty glowing,
 There's *none* with half its graces growing,
 As the pale yellow primrose, hiding
 From the impassioned sun's sweet chiding.

And thus, dear girl, *I* am the sun,
 And *thou* the primrose vainly hiding.

Sunbeams you cannot easily shun,
 And mine shall never weary chiding,
 Until within thine eyes the tiding
 I read that thou art mine for ever—
 My bride, my queen, till death shall sever.

Then lift thine head, my bonny flower ;
 Heaven ne'er gave thee to hide away.
 The sweetest smile and the gentlest shower
 That April yields are for thee, they say.
 Then forth, then forth, sweet flower, and lay
 Thine charms to view, and conquering bow,
 And yield to thine sun's fond, beaming vow.

Lines.

*(Suggested by reading an account of a British Sailor wrecked
 Tropical Isle.)*

Pale dweller of a Western clime,
 Where winds blow cold and days are chill,
 Standing alone, what thoughts sublime
 Re-echo to thy bosom's thrill !
 What pen, what imagery can trace
 The deep enrapture of thy soul—
 Thy wond'ring helplessness, as space
 And Oriental splendours roll
 Before, around thee, and above ;
 And solitude, of Nature's own,
 Enwraps thee with a mantle wove
 Far different to the web that's thrown
 Round what we know as solitude ! The birds
 With plumage of a thousand rays,
 And manifold sweet utterings ; the herds ;
 The insects, with incessant hum of praise ;
 The trees, the flowers, the mosses, and the sea !—
 * * * * *
 The ever-glorious, ever-murmuring sea,
 That girds the island all about, and binds
 Fast in a setting of sublimity
 Of Nature's own !—The waves and winds,

That for eternity have hovered round,
 And, in their ecstasy, have seemed as naught
 Could stop their allied course, have found
 A mute, controlling force, that sought
 Successfully their turbulence to lay,
 And fright them back, appalled, and stay
 Their sacrilege. E'en the years'
 Offspring of Time himself have passed
 With but improving hands, as tears
 But mellow and refresh, when o'er at last
 The agitating storm, and recast,
 Renewed in beauty, all the face divine.

* * * *

And, oh ! the symphony and loud acclaim
 Of Nature's own chosen choristers—the birds—
 Ascending up to heaven, as a flame
 Of sweet and savoury incense that accords
 Meet with the choice surroundings of the scene.
 To stand and listen idly to the notes,
 Pouring in gushing fervour from each green
 And shady nook, as though the throats
 And mystical distilleries of each
 Lowly musician were in rivalry
 To drown the others ; while the beach,
 Diapason-in-chief, untiredly
 Kept up the sublime bass beneath the Grand
 And First Great Organist's deep flow—
 Old ocean's eternal metre—with the strand,
 And rocks, and mighty caverns low,
 Re-echoing and quivering to the deep
 And mighty thunderings that, anon so high,
 And then again so low, as if to weep,
 They gave expression only in a sigh !

Praise Ye the Lord.

Come, sing unto the Lord, all ye that breathe—
 All ye that see and hear His wond'rous power.

Mutely acclaim, all ye that tender wreathe
 O'er many a clustering hillock, valleys lower,
 Sparkling and bright with many a glinting shower
 Of streams and falls.

Muirside and valley, ye banks and braes ;
 Ocean's tumultuous space of crystal foam ;
 Depths of the forest wild, where silence preys,
 Eating itself away amidst the gloam ;
 Realms of ether-light, where orbits roam—
 Praise, ye the Lord !

Hark to their voice sublime ! yon orbs of fire,
 Ever revolving in their circles wide—
 Eyes of the Living God !—they cannot tire,
 As o'er the vault of heaven they fiercely ride,
 Bound by the Hand that ocean's tide
 Restrains in awe !

Hark to their voice sublime ! the forest wild
 Yields a full tribute to the grateful choir.
 Thousands of beauteous voices, by the mild
 Laws of their native harmony, conspire
 To fill the very air with incense—fire—
 From their lyre to Thee !

Hark to their voice sublime ! the ocean's tide,
 Swelling in mournful cadence to the wind,
 Anon so low and deep, and then in pride
 Charging earth's very bulwarks to unbind
 And overflow the world, but to find
 It sentinelled by Thee !

Hark to its wild and solemn, mournful tone,
 And its full, swelling chaunt along the shore—
 Voices of many waters ! Ye alone
 Can truly swell the heavenly song—adore
 With praise sublime and meet—the hymn we soar
 To Thee, O Lord !

Hark to the mystic voices of the wind !
 Wildly it singeth in the jubilee ;
 Man cannot tether it, nor bind,
 Nor force, reluctant, air's mystery—
 Silence its quivering song of praise to Thee,
 O Lord ! our God !

Kitty M'Hale.

(AIR—"You hav'nt a stim, Paddy Poer.")

Kitty M'Hale, I wonder where are you now—
 In the wide world whereabouts are you now ?
 In the ould Island,
 Or over the say,
 In the broad land of far distant Amerikay ?
 Faix, I am thinking—
 Myself and the dudheen are just ruminating
 Where at all are you now,
 Kitty M'Hale !

Kitty M'Hale, where are you decaving now ?
 Flirting and jilting, av coorse, and betraying now.
 Ona-ma-Diaoul !
 I'm tempted to swear,
 When I think of the ruin you left my poor heart within,
 Queen of deludhers !
 Its aiquel almost to the ould castle of Lea ;
 But the castle has ivy to hide the big holes,
 Kitty M'Hale !

Kitty M'Hale, I once was an innocent,
 And thought that the ladies wor every way illigint—
 Angels, begorra !
 With all but the wings ;
 And they were kept from them to keep them below ;
 Or else up to heaven,
 Like wild-geese, when soaring, they'd go in a row,
 Led by you, you ould gandher, you,
 Kitty M'Hale !

You remimber the night you met with the leprechaun
Taking his tay beneath a big bouchilaun.

You tried for to corner

The poor little mannikin,

Though he swore by the calendar he wasn't a bachelor.

The times wor so hard,

And the boys wor so up to your devil's deludherings,

A fairy wor better nor nothing at all,

Kitty M'Hale !

I'll ne'er disremimber that bone-fire night,

When—sorrow be to me—I went to the sight.

'Twas the eve of St. John ;

You were footing the road,

And ould Martin Hyland was bate in his wind,

With the fiddle and bow,

And the skinny long fingers never baten before ;

And the men were hurrooing and the wimin wor chee

Kitty M'Hale !

I gave you my heart and escorted you round,

And the boys were all mad at the treasure I'd found ;

And bould Paddy Poer,

With a mouth like a tunnel,

Swore he'd end your desartion and jump in the canal.

What a gudgeon he wor !

But I wor a far bigger gudgeon than he,

For you wor a spider and I wor a fly,

Kitty M'Hale !

It's a wall-flower blooming in glory alone,

Or stuck in a hole near the great Blarney stone,

You ought for to be,

Beguiling the breeze,

And talking deludherings down to the trees ;

For a flower you were,

But not a wall-flower, you bould dandelion !

Sure I wor a cowslip with you to compare,

Kitty M'Hale !

A Thunderstorm.

Hark to the wars of Heaven ! See yon clouds,
 Like two opposing factions, wildly meet
 With sublime passion, as though mighty crowds
 Of fierce immortal combatants did greet
 Each other with tumultuous rivalry !
 Hark to the wild uproar—the dinning jar
 Of each convulsive peal ! The artillery
 On either side, in ecstasy of war,
 Sweeps muttering thunder o'er the fields of Heaven.
 Flash upon flash the brilliant lightnings gleam ;
 Successive on each shock, and torn, riven,
 The sullen mass of vapours surely seem
 Like a disordered rabble from the fray,
 Wildly and panic-stricken, broke away.
 Down come the sweeping waters with a rush,
 As though intent to swallow up all signs
 Of devastating fury, and a hush
 Of Nature's own deep silence anon reigns
 Victorious o'er the elemental war,
 Save now and then a low, deep rumbling creeps
 From some contested outposts, that afar
 Sends a response to why all beauty weeps,
 And lends an awed enchantment to the scene—
 The silent birds, whose silvery pipes are still ;
 The dripping tears of flowers and all things green ;
 The many tinted rainbow, that no skill
 Can equal in its colours, and the *thought*
 That man's sublimest efforts never can
 Compare with all the glory that is fraught
 In Heaven's resounding echoes, or the span
 Of yonder glorious signet in the sky—
 Memorial constant of creation's high
 And glorious King's ordainment, that to lie
 Entombed beneath the waters, ne'er again
 Shall be the fate of earth or race of men !



A Sigh.

I loved ;

And she I loved was beautiful—
 More beautiful than words can tell.
 She was a lily pure and bright
 In innocence and purity ;
 A rose, a sweet and fragrant rose—
 No tree hath ever known a fairer ;
 A violet she, with eyes of blue,
 A deep, ethereal, azure blue,
 Italian sky and violet's hue ;
 In shyness and in tenderness
 A snowdrop, too, like those that blow
 Within the roots of some huge tree,
 That prides to shelter them from harm.
 And yet my love was more than these—
 They are a faint resemblance
 Or type of all that in her were.
 Their beauty and their fragrance,
 Their purity, virginity,
 Their maidenhood's sweet modesty,
 Were in my queen intensified,
 And in perfection's fullest glow.
 The flowers are far before the weeds—
 My love was far before the flowers.

Young Ireland.

“ Young Ireland ! Young Ireland ! ”
 These words are ringing in my ears
 Like bugle blasts from bugle-horn.
 These words are glinting in my eyes
 Like golden words on banners borne ;
 And in the darkened hours of night,
 When sleep is hovering o'er the soul,
 I hear, like voices in a dream,
 Sweet voices full of melancholy,
 And of a pathos wild and strange,

Like as the moaning of the sea
 When presaging a coming storm,
 Or voices of a multitude
 Rising and falling on the air,
 So far away as scarcely heard,
 The pregnant words, "Young Ireland!"
 "Young Ireland! Young Ireland!"
 What visions of the future pass
 Before my mind, and lend a ray
 Of hope to gild the present day,
 As sunbeams from behind a cloud,
 Upon some dark and dreary noon,
 All sudden as a magic wand
 Can change the very heart of all,
 And make old Nature young again,
 And make the world itself renewed!
 'Tis thus these glorious words to me
 Appear as emblems of the free
 And happy days that *yet* shall be—
 "Young Ireland! Young Ireland!"

March.

Hail, blustering March! with voice obstreperous.
 Thy ruddy cheeks, still tinged with winter's cold,
 And many a trace of wind and storms untold,
 Yet bear the glow of health. Thy voice to us
 Is as the sound of ocean to the ear
 Of one long parted from his native shore,
 To whom its many-voiced laments appear
 As the loved lullaby of days of yore.
 Brave March! Bold March! loud, vaunting month of winds!
 Bleak February precedes, and April's tears
 (Sick April! made of hopes and many fears)
 Come slowly after, and thus binds
 Thee, jovial month, betwixt them two.
 But, Storm King, March, there's only one like *you*!

Longings.

Oh ! I long for the time to come,
To come ;

Oh ! I long for the time to come,
When I shall be free from my weary trade—
Free to explore all the beauties laid
In forest and field, by Omnipotence made—
Oh ! I long for that time to come.

Oh ! I long for the time to come,
To come ;

Oh ! I long for the time to come,
When rest shall be mine—sweet rest, sweet rest !
For the heart ever panting within my breast,
As a fawn by the hounds, ah ! sorely pressed—
Oh ! I long for that time to come.

Oh ! I long for the time to come,
To come ;

Oh ! I long for the time to come,
When a Voice shall be heard to say, " My child,
Thou hast sung right well of earth's beauties wild ;
Heaven claims thy harp, so sweet and mild"—
Oh ! I long for that time to come.

Oh ! I long for the time to come,
To come ;

Oh ! I long for the time to come—
For that glorious time, in that other clime,
When our souls are spirits enfreed, sublime,
And death is over, and pain and time—
Oh ! I long for that time to come.



Dying.

After all, where is the pain—
Where's the agony of dying ?
One sharp struggle—ne'er again
Shall one's weary heart be trying—
Ever trying, useless trying—

In life's short and bitter battle,
 For a victory that cometh
 Only with the throat's last rattle—
 Only with the life that bloometh
 On Eternity's dread shore,
 Where we ne'er shall battle more.
 One sharp struggle, one endeavour
 For a breath—then peace for ever—
 Panting, fighting, crying, dying nevermore.

Winter.

Here comes grim Winter, pacing slow,
 Clad with storms, frost, and snow ;
 Terror of the poor and weak,
 And the sickly and the old ;
 Foe wherever he can wreak
 All the miseries of cold,
 Famine, hardships—all the ills
 That poor human nature fills
 In its cup of pain and woe.
 Season made of sighs and tears !
 Like a funeral pall thou art
 O'er the sunshine, gladness, heart
 Of the years. Thou blight ! depart.
 Haste, thou urn of death and fears !

My Brown-haired Girl.

Mavourneen O ! mavourneen O !
 I think of you and I dream of you—
 Both night and day naught else I do,
 Mavourneen O ! mavourneen O !
 Mo craoibhin cno !*
 My gra gal, brown-haired colleen O !

* My brown-haired girl.

Mavourneen O ! mavourneen O !
 Since when we parted, each broken-hearted,
 And o'er the waves, love, I had started,
 Mavourneen O ! mavourneen O !
 Mo craibhin cno !
 I ne'er forgot you, my colleen O !

Mavourneen O ! mavourneen O !
 My exile's dreary, my heart is weary ;
 I'm ever longing for you, my dearie,
 Mavourneen O ! mavourneen O !
 Mo craibhin cno—
 For you I'm yearning, my colleen O !

Mavourneen O ! mavourneen O !
 Your lock of hair I ever wear—
 A potent charm for every care,
 Mavourneen O ! mavourneen O !
 Mo craibhin cno !
 My colleen's own brown coolin O !

Mavourneen O ! mavourneen O !
 The black tears fall as you I call ;
 The exile's grief hath me in thrall,
 Mavourneen O ! mavourneen O !
 Mo craibhin cno !
 I mourn my fate, my colleen O !

Mavourneen O ! mavourneen O !
 The days that were ! the days that were !
 The days that come again shall ne'er !
 Mavourneen O ! mavourneen O !
 Mo craibhin cno !
 We knew not care, my colleen O !

Mavourneen O ! Mavourneen O !
 Our troth we plighted, with love delighted ;
 But Time's black malice hath it blighted,
 Mavourneen O ! mavourneen O !
 Mo craibhin cno !
 Our love is hopeless, my colleen O !

Mavourneen O ! mavourneen O !
 When life shall end it, then death shall mend it ;
 For some good reason doth Heaven send it,
 Mavourneen O ! mavourneen O !
 Mo craoibhin cno !
 We'll surely meet yet, my colleen O !

Mavourneen O ! mavourneen O !
 I'll think of you, and I'll dream of you—
 Both night and day, naught else I'll do,
 Mavourneen O ! mavourneen O !
 Mo craoibhin cno !
 My gra gal colleen, craoibhin cno !

Land of the Gael.

Land of the Gael ! Land of the Gael !
 Land of the mountain, grove, and vale ;
 Island of mystery,
 Grand in thy history,
 Nothing exceeds the romance of thy tale,
 Land of the Gael ! Land of the Gael !
 Dear Inisfail !

Land of the Gael ! Land of the Gael !
 Land where burned the fires of Baal,
 On every height and hill,
 In every deep and still,
 Quiet and beautiful oakwood and vale—
 Strange thy story, wondrous thy tale,
 Sweet Inisfail !

Land of the Gael ! Land of the Gael !
 Set amid waters that never fail.
 Turbulent, wild and deep,
 Seldom they ever sleep.
 As the bright visions that over thee creep,
 A bird on their bosom you sail,
 Dear Inisfail !

Land of the Gael ! Land of the Gael !
 Land of ruins on hill and in dale,
 As old as thy story,
 As proud as thy glory,
 Sacred with ages—rendered them hoary,
 Covering thee o'er as with a veil,
 Sweet Inisfail !

Land of the Gael ! Land of the Gael !
 From Beann-o-tir to far Ímaisle,
 Or wherever, O Isle !
 Is thine emerald smile—
 Skies looking down on thine beauty the while—
 True hearts love and true hearts bewail
 Dear Inisfail !

An Angel Born.

Baby slept, and its mother wept
 O'er the cradle with tears undried.
 Baby flew from its mother's view—
 Heaven gained when the baby died.

Mother wept, but the baby slept
 All in peace in its baby calm.
 Angels sang, and the baby joined
 With its voice in the angels' psalm.

Mother cried when her baby died ;
 Mother wept till her heart was torn.
 Little the baby recked or knew—
 It to eternal life was born.

Mother wept, but the baby slept—
 Slept the sleep that knew no morn.
 Mother cried when her baby died ;
 But Jesus knew of an angel born.

Stars of the Depths.

Stars of the depths of heaven above,
 Shining with silvery light divine,
 Lighting the vault of thine birth with love,
 With a radiance only thine,
 And shine
 With a love-light only thine !

Stars of the depths of heaven so bright,
 Twinkling silvery, silvery clear,
 Seeming as diamond-bright points of light,
 That to our weak sight appear
 But mere,
 Mere specks in the atmosphere !

Stars of the depths of the great expanse,
 So far, so far, so bright and so fair !
 Is there aught in tales of gay romance
 Can equal thine beauty rare,
 Or share
 In glory like thine so rare ?

Stars of the Living and Great Supreme,
 The Creator of heaven and earth !
 Jewels divine ! how ye softly beam
 Down on humanity's birth
 Desert,
 Sin and mortality's birth !

Stars of sublimity and of power—
 Eyes of their Maker, the Great Unseen !
 Lamps that eternally doth shower
 The radiance and the sheen
 They glean
 From glories to us unseen !

Revolving ever, with mystery wove,
 Sublime in your orbits grand and vast,

Supernally beautiful, ye rove
 In tracks your Creator cast,
 And past
 Which none of you ever hast.

O ye wide heavens above ! what *thought*—
 What *fancy* of man's poor finite mind
 Can picture the wisdom—glory fraught—
 Conceive the power, behind
 Night's blind,
 In glories the skies unbind !

Jehovah is great ; He's Lord of all—
 Of the earth and the heavens sublime.
 He knows each star, and they know His call,
 And obey, to end of time,
 And chime
 His praise in a song sublime !

Kyrie Eleison.

When famine threateneth all the land,
 Kyrie Eleison !
 And woe is heard from strand to strand,
 Kyrie Eleison !
 Stretch forth, O Lord, Thy hand to save ;
 Let not the land become a grave ;
 Destroy not what Thy kindness gave—
 Kyrie Eleison !

When pestilence and every ill,
 Kyrie Eleison !
 Shall our weak souls with terror fill,
 Kyrie Eleison !
 O God ! O God ! remember us ;
 Withhold Thy hand from scourging thus,
 Sinners in strait most perilous—
 Kyrie Eleison !

Poor mortals we, and like the reeds,
 Kyrie Eleison !

Cumbering the ground as noxious weeds,

Kyrie Eleison !

Justice, O God ! in tempting Thee

To smite and slay such things as we,

Leaves us the Cross to which to flee—

Kyrie Eleison !

Howe'er we try, O Lord ! to please,

Kyrie Eleison !

Howe'er we bend upon our knees,

Kyrie Eleison !

Howe'er our prayers impassioned are,

Still, still from Thee we wander far,

Farther than earth from yonder star—

Kyrie Eleison !

Like ships upon the stormy main,

Kyrie Eleison !

Our little might is all in vain,

Kyrie Eleison !

We cannot hold a single day ;

We cannot own a sunbeam's ray ;

We cannot bid one breath to stay—

Kyrie Eleison !

O God ! have mercy on Thine own,

Kyrie Eleison !

Bought with Christ's precious blood alone,

Kyrie Eleison !

Stretch forth, O Lord ! Thine arm to save ;

Let not the land become a grave ;

Destroy not what Thy kindness gave—

Kyrie Eleison !

Old Friends.

Oh ! where are all our childhood's friends—

The faces that we knew so well ;

The faces that enchantment lends

To the old times of which we tell ?—

The dear old times !

The gay old times !

When hearts knew naught of sorrow's swell.

It grieves me when I think that each

Still loved and well-remembered one

May be beyond affection's reach,

His pilgrimage of life well done.

We drop a tear

Upon each bier,

And hang a wreath upon each stone.

O early friends of early days !

Companions meet in many a joy !

Butterflies we in summer's rays,

When life was gold without alloy—

Or praise or blame

Was all the same,

When we were blightsome girl or boy.

Full many a well-known face I view,

Still pictured on my inward eye ;

God knows how few—how very few—

Are left since I bade each good-bye.

A sculptured stone

With moss o'ergrown

Points out where some, at least, now lie.

Others are gone the wide world o'er,

Fighting life's battle with a will,

Their childhood's home—their native shore—

Filling their hearts with love's sweet thrill.

Poor exiles they,

That ever pray

Their dear old land to see once more.

Some in the battle have gone down,

Their hearts too weak to bear the strain—

Unconquered, yet without the crown,

Success, that gilds so much of pain.

Lives sunk to earth

Thus, still have worth,

For they, O Lord ! are not in vain.

Old friends, farewell ! I love ye all—
 The dead and living—old and young.
 We cannot the old times recall,
 Or sing the early songs we've sung ;
 But memory still
 Shall have its will,
 And speak to us with silver tongue.

Spirits that Tend Us.

"For My angels shall keep guard over you, both in your rising up and your lying down."

Spirits that tend us ! Spirits that keep
 Guard o'er our slumbers, watch o'er our sleep !
 Messengers faithful from heaven to earth,
 Guiding us ever—ever from birth—
 Upwards, onwards, to *your* home above,
 Tell me, oh ! tell your mission of love.
 Messengers holy from the Most High !
 Tell me your errand from the far sky—
 Glorious ambassadors from the Most High !

Spirits that tend us ! Spirits that try
 (When on the bed of sorrow we lie,
 Hearts weary fainting, heads bended low,
 Reaping poor mortals' harvest of woe—
 Bodies tormented, trembling with pain—
 Eyes that will ne'er know laughter again)
 Unto weak hearts new courage to bring—
 Into weak souls new courage fling !
 To our weak hearts and souls new courage bring.

Spirits divine ! Ye spirits of power,
 Ministering gently in our dark hour !
 When the Great Tempter battles to kill,
 Then are ye tending, guarding us still,
 Beating the air with cherubic wings,
 Felt by the peace your presence aye brings ;
 Hov'ring in love o'er each tempted soul—
 Guiding, leading, with quiet control—
 Leading and guiding each poor tempted soul.

Spirits of mercy ! down from the Throne
 Wend ye in love to Jesus' own ;
 Heralds of pity, heralds of love,
 Bearing forgiveness from *Him* above—
 Bearing His message, "Come unto me,
 Poor, weary wanderers—why will ye flee?"—
 Bearing on pinions lighter than air
 Back to Jehovah each sinner's prayer—
 Bearing on pinions far lighter than air !

Spirits of beauty ! Spirits sublime !
 Dwellers in heaven's ethereal clime !
 Mirrors of happiness earth cannot know !
 Visions of bliss wherever you go !
 Pitiful, tender, healing our pain—
 Going in sorrow—coming again—
 Hover ye o'er us, shading from ill,
 Loyally patient, lovingly still—
 Lovingly, loyally shading from ill !

Spirits that tend us ! Spirits that keep
 Guard o'er our slumbers, watch o'er our sleep !
 Tend me, I pray ye—tend me, I pray ;
 Guard me from evil, tempting away !
 Watch o'er me sleeping—bear with me still—
 Keep me, oh ! keep me from every ill !
 Comfort me, guide me, bear me on high—
 High to your home in the blue, blue sky !
 Carry me up to the heaven on high !

Crape on the Door.

Crape on the door,
 And silence within—
 The silence of death,
 'Mid the world's wild din—
 The silence of sorrow
 That knoweth no morrow.

Crape on the door,
 And hearts bitter sobbing ;
 Warm bosoms pulsating,
 With the agony throbbing
 Through each nerve and each vein
 To the torturing brain.

Crape on the door—
 Pale misery's pennant,
 Waving in triumph
 O'er the coffin's sad tenant—
 Inhabitant quiet
 That nevermore sigheth.

Crape on the door—
 Some fond wife is breaking
 Her heart with the love—
 The sorrow unspeaking.
 Sure they cutteth like swords,
 These mute sobbings for words.

Crape on the door—
 Death's drear signal flying.
 Some mortal hath ended
 The battle of dying—
 The battle we *all* have
 To fight through to the grave.

A Poet's Request.

Bury me *not* where the woods are sighing ;
 Bury me *not* where the leaves are dying ;
 Bury me *not* where the mists do gather ;
 But away midst the purple mountain heather.

Bury me *not* near the city's toil—
 My bones could not rest in the wild turmoil ;
 But away, far away, in the mountains grand,
 Lay me in peace in my native land.

Bury me *not* in your graveyard sad,
Where there's nothing of nature to make one glad
Nothing but tombs and dreadful grass—
I grieve for the dead who are there, alas !

Bury me *not* in your vaults so dark,
And over which never yet sang the lark ;
And raise no monument high and proud—
For why single *me* from out the crowd ?

Bury me *not* by the ancient fane ;
For what reck I of the proud and vain ?
Far rather I'd sleep where the winds and rain
Would lament o'er me with a wild refrain.

I'd rather—far rather—an exile be
From the graves of my fathers, though lone and f
Than lie in the midst of tombs and stones,
And horrible grass, and dead men's bones.

Then carry me high midst the glorious hills,
Which the presence of God everlasting fills,
And lay me down, while you *keen* together,
In a grave in the beautiful, blooming heather.

April.

April, month of showers and of smiles !
Like a coy maiden art thou in thy mien—
One time all rosy blushes, then, I ween,
Bathed in dewy tears, with all the wiles
And all the little rogueries that please.
Fickle thou art, O April ! and thy name
Hath now, long trumpeted, become
Of fickleness the type, and all that tease ;
And yet withal, thou fair one, thou art dear—
Ah ! very dear—when I do think of *one*
Whose likeness thou art, as is the sun,
When bursting o'er dark clouds he doth appea
Lighting with joy and splendour all the zone
To *her* when sudden smiles replace the tear.

May.

Make way, make way, for the Month of May—
 The queen of months—of the year the pride,
 The crown, and joy, and well-loved bride,
 In her wreaths of flowers perfumed and gay.
 O May, dear May, sweet May ! alway
 Laughing and bright like some winsome girl—
 Some village pet that *hearts* can twirl
 At *her* sweet pleasure, like sprite or fay ;
 In the crown of the year the Koh-i-noor—
 The chiefest, the rarest, unstained and pure !
 O month of beauty ! sure Eden fair
 Could not have been Eden were thou not there ;
 For Eden *were* Eden, I sing, I say,
 Had it nothing to boast of but *May* alway.

Forget-Me-Nots.

A "forget-me-not"

Hung dripping in a flowing stream,
 And from each tiny, slender leaf
 There swung a gem of lustre clear,
 That shone transcendent in the sun
 With many a hue of beauty bright,
 Obtained from the mine below.

The drony bee

Oft hovered in his flight above,
 As though, enraptured, to observe
 And gloat upon the flowery queen
 That swam so modest on the waves—
 A *connoisseur* in such, you know,
 Like some old Emir of the East,
 Whose life's been spent in beauty's arms.
 You could not blind him to the sweets
 He *knew* lay hidden, and to take
 Depended on his own sweet will.

The blithesome lark,

At early morning and at eve,

Seemed as though half inclined to court,
 And pay a tribute, all his own,
 To my own gentle, blue-eyed flower.
 He built his nest where he could see
 The eyes of azure ; and the scent
 Was hovering o'er his nest alway.
 And in the morning when he rose,
 Up, up he mounted to the sky,
 With thousand times ten thousand notes,
 As though describing to the sun
 The virgin that so near him lay,
 And who inspired his eloquence,
 And made his music half divine.
 And in the evening he rose
 Upon his wings, more light than air,
 To once more gossip with the orb
 Before it sunk below the night,
 And left the lark of *it* to dream,
 And left the flower to *sleep* away.

And I myself,
 When idling through a summer's day,
 Best love to lie upon a bank,
 And hearken to the drowsy flow
 Of the young river's monotone,
 And yet *so* softly musical,
 With the "forget-me-nots" around
 In all *their* sweet virginity !
 In all *their* soft exquisiteness !
 In all *their* trembling modesty !
 In all *their* blue-eyed beauty free !—
 An azure stolen from the sky,
 Improved by kisses of the sun,
 And tempered by the wandering breeze—
 And, as I lie, to dream of *one*
 Who told me to "forget-*her*-not"—
 Oh ! never, *never* to forget—
 Ah, me ! as if I would or could !



302.

Come with me, love,
 And we will hie unto the woods, and sing,
 With voices long imprisoned, to the trees,
 And little birds, and specks of far sky-blue,
 Coy peeping down 'twixt the ambrosial shades;
 And heart to heart, and joyous soul to soul,
 We'll lift on high such mellow notes and clear,
 That all the merry songsters of the grove
 Shall, in mute admiration, poise on wing,
 And learn by heart our human roundelay,
 To carry to their feathery homes and loves,
 And make divine our blithesome madrigals
 With ceaseless warblings through the green arcades,
 When every note shall be itself a song,
 And every song a psalm of praise to God—
Te Deums in unending sweet variety,
 If only for the life that bids them sing;
 If only for the sunshine and the trees;
 If only for the wings and merry hearts
 That bid them soar on high and carol there,
 As thus the lark, glad bird of early morn!
 Sweet minstrel of the skies! when first the sun
 Ascends, and dips it all in rosy beams.

My love, my love,
 When human hearts are happy, Nature seems
 Clad in effulgence, as in dreams
 Associate with imaginings of heaven.
 There's nothing in this world but reflects,
 Or think we so, the gladness in our eyes,
 As coloured glass will tincture everything
 To hues within itself when we look through.
 How bright, how joyous bright is all the earth
 To two fond hearts when wedded first together,
 And their young love is in its honeymoon,
 And sorrow is a word of import strange,
 And trouble is a cloud that never rose
 Upon the azure curtain of their skies!
 How glad, how blithesome glad the days—
 Those boyhood days that never come again—

When all the busy universe was thought
 To be but one gigantic cricket-field—
 A playground for the sports of boys alone.
 And later still, when boyhood merged in man,
 And a light down was on the upper lip,
 And the fair being crossed our path that sped
 Into our bosom the swift arrow barbed,
 That ever since hath rankled cureless there—
 Cureless the more that she is all our own,
 And tends the wound her wilful self did make.
 What joy ! What bliss ! What ecstasy there seemed
 All of a sudden loosed upon our soul,
 Like beacon-lights upon the distant hills,
 When, flashing unexpected, they appear
 To circle all the scene with brilliant fires,
 And lend a glad enchantment to the scene !
 Our work, our play, our every-day routine
 Was gilt with something holy in its joy—
 Something that blessed each thing we looked upon ;
 Something that shed around us richest dew,
 And made the hearts of all seem as our own,
 And gave to us the gift of tenderness,
 And sympathy with sorrow and with woe !
 O love, bright love, sweet love !
 'Tis thou, and thou alone, that ever gilds
 The universe in one glad whole of joy,
 From yonder sun, with beams of living love,
 Down to the tiny wren that tends its young,
 Or to the blushing petals of the rose,
 Blushing in exuberance of love ;
 Or to the glorious crimson on the cheeks
 Of her I love, and who returns my love,
 When, heart to heart, we press our lips to meet,
 And feel the blood pulsating to the wand
 Of the blest monarch of the realms of love.

◆

“Peace, be Still.”

Heart of misery, ceaseless sobbing ;
 Heart of agony, wildly throbbing ;
 Heart, thine own life-springs self-robbing—

“Peace, be still.”

Man of passions, ever paining—
 Passions, cares, and sorrows straining—
 Pulling at thine soul—life draining—

"Peace, be still."

Youth, with life's delights before thee,
 Think—nor let us vain implore thee ;
 Time and tide will soon flow o'er thee—

"Peace, be still."

Soldier, in life's battle fighting ;
 Tears and heart-breaks vainly righting ;
 Gold the words thy banner lighting—

"Peace, be still."

Minister of God, most holy ;
 Messenger to poor and lowly ;
 Love and faith thy comfort solely—

"Peace, be still."

Infant, in thy cradle sleeping,
 Innocent of harvest keeping,
 In Time's womb until the reaping—

"Peace, be still."

All you anguished, restless, pining,
 Faint with sorrows undermining—
 Words of balm—hearts intertwining—

"Peace, be still."

Dead, in grassy hillocks lying ;
 Life and passion ceased defying ;
 Struggles over—ended, dying—

Thou art still.

Colleen Machree.

(For Music.)

Hail to the time that we,
 Colleen machree,
 First met beneath the tree,
 Colleen machree—

'Neath the old whithorn,
 Withered and tempest-worn,
 And of all beauty shorn,
 Colleen machree—

There to troth faith and love,
 Colleen machree,
 While the wide heavens above,
 Colleen machree,
 Smiled down as though to see
Two hearts in *one* could be
 Joined, as in I and thee,
 Colleen machree.

Years have passed since, asthore,
 Colleen machree—
 Some score of them, or more,
 Colleen machree.
 Troubles, not few indeed,
 Causing our hearts to bleed,
 Came and have vanish'd,
 Colleen machree.

Somehow our love hath clung,
 Colleen machree,
 As in our youth we sung,
 Colleen machree,
 That it would cling to us,
 No matter what distress
 Might on us cruel press,
 Colleen machree.

Withered thy tresses, dear,
 Colleen machree ;
 Gone all thy golden hair,
 Colleen machree.
 Many a tale I wove—
 Many a time I strove
 Just for one lock for love,
 Colleen machree.

Gone all thy beauty bright,
 Colleen machree—
 All but that sweet love-light,
 Colleen machree,
 Still in thy hazel eyes,
 Beaming with soft surprise,
 When, doubting, sighs arise,
 Colleen machree.

But when the time comes that we,
 Colleen machree,
 Must lie beneath the tree,
 Colleen machree,
 In the old churchyard nigh—
Oh! that it happily
 Be we together lie,
 Colleen machree.

Souls such as ours could,
 Colleen machree—
 Love such as ours would,
 Colleen machree—
 Never, oh ! never be
 Happy if parted—we
 Were but as *one*, you see,
 Colleen machree.

Mine Own.

 She frowned—
 And, as an ink-black cloud obscures
 The sun, in envy of his beams
 (The jealousy of bad and good),
 My darling's face was not her own,
 But a bad spirit's, that for once
 Took on itself her form divine,
 And through the portals of the eyes
 Unwatchfully the signals gave—
 Betrayed the enemy within.

She blushed—

And, like a rosy morn in June,
When earth and air are glowing hot
With the bold sun's warm tendernesses,
She seemed as though dropped from the sky—
An aerolite in human form,
That gentlest breezes might destroy,
So all unfitted for the spheres,
Like Tropic maid on Arctic shore.

She smiled—

And, like a sunbeam through a cloud,
That gilds all things, both great and small,
Her face was instant lighted up,
And shone transfigured to my eyes,
With a bright beauty and a joy—
With an effulgence all her own,
That mirrored naught but happiness,
And gave an index to the soul.

She spoke—

Like music of Æolian harp,
Her voice went thrilling through and through.
It seemed the ecstasy of sound ;
It seemed sweet music from above,
And only heard before in dreams.
It seemed as though a zephyr came,
All fresh from kissing of the flowers,
Fragrant with thousand odours sweet,
Ravished in love's gay gambollings,
And sick with joy and happiness.
Spoke to my soul the voice I heard—
What is it that it says to me?
One word ! one word ! celestial sweet !
One low, soft, fairy utterance !
O joy ! O happiness ! It is
That blissful, heavenly word—a " Yes !"



Sorrow.

There is a word in every tongue,
A word on every lip has hung,
The more or less as old or young—
'Tis full of grief like winds that cry,
It sobs and moans like winds that sigh,
It tells of breaking hearts that die—

Sorrow.

The old, the young, the weak, the strong,
The rich, the poor, the right, the wrong,
Are never free from it for long ;
It percheth on the aged brow,
It hangeth o'er the youths that vow,
It goeth now, it cometh now—

Sorrow.

It rendeth all our hearts in twain,
It reigneth over heart and brain—
To conquer it were strife in vain.
The joyous laugh is sudden killed,
The happy smile is sudden chilled,
The bright, gay word is sudden stilled—

Sorrow.

How oft we've risen with the day,
Singing with hearts both light and gay,
And souls as bright as sunny May ;
And as o'er May skies comes a cloud,
Laden with storm and thunder loud,
So comes o'er us that bitter shroud—

Sorrow.

I've never known a single day
In all my life that had a ray
Bright and complete around me play—
I mean a ray of happiness,
Full in itself with power to bless ;
'Twas always tinged with thine impress—

Sorrow.

Yes—a word there is in every tongue ;
 On every lip it surely hung—
 'Tis known to all—the old, the young.
 One's heart is never free from it,
 One's eyes are never clear from it,
 One's tongue shall never cease from it—

Sorrow.

The Shamrock.

England hath her Roses red,
 Scotland hath her Thistles tall,
 La Belle France sweet Violets,
 But Erin more than all—
 Her shy, retreating Shamrocks green
 That lowly lie
 Beneath our feet,
 And modestly
 Do mute entreat

To tread but lightly o'er their sheen.

Sweetest little triple leaf,
 Ah ! how dear thou surely art
 To every child of Erin's Isle
 That hath a beating heart !
No matter where that heart may beat—
 Beyond the seas,
 In exile drear—
 The love that flees
 To all that's dear
 Entwines *Thee* in its patriot heat.

Dearest sacred little thing,
 Woven with our history,
 Oh ! would I could but fitly sing
 Half thy fame and glory !
 Throughout the annals of our race,
 From Phadrig's times,
 In poem and tale,
 To present chimes
 O'er hill and vale,
 Old Ireland's emblem hath a place.

One in Three and Three in One,
 Symbol of the Trinity ;
 'Twas thus in *Thee* Saint Phadrig found
 Triune Divinity.
 When words to teach had nearly failed,
 In *Thee* was seen
 That likeness near,
 Though lowly green,
 Thou did'st appear
 To those great Truths since never paled.

Cathedrals grand, towers tall,
 And many a castle, lie
 Low in the dust with all their pride,
 Their state, and power high ;
 But Father Time may vent his spleen
 Howe'er he may
 On stone and man—
 He cannot lay,
 And *never* can,
 His blight upon our Shamrock green !

Farewell.

(*For Music.*)

Farewell, oh ! farewell to thee, Erin mavourneen ;
 Once more a poor exile is fleeing away,
 In sorrow, heart-broken, acushla asthoreen—
 A homeless wanderer till life's latest day.
 Farewell, oh ! farewell to thee, acushla machree—
 My own native Erin—my darling asthore ;
Till now, I ne'er knew of the deep love I bore thee—
Till now, when departing to return no more.

Farewell to thy sons and bright colleens so free,
 Whose beauty and worth hath so oft-times been sung
 By the bard and the brehon, whose wild minstrelsy
 Still lingers, unweakened, thy valleys among.

Farewell to thy shores and blue waters receding,
 As swiftly my barque careers o'er the waves ;
 Farewell to thee, isle, in my wild despair speeding
 For ever those shores which the wild water laves.

Adieu to yon hills, in the blue mist appearing,
 Empurpled with heather—so gorgeous a cover !—
 As fast through the waters my barque wildly steering,
 The thought hastens to me that *never, oh ! never,*
 While life thrills within me, the frail cords unbroken,
 Those hills and sweet valleys I'll never again,
 Save in dreamland and thoughts far too sweet to be spoken,
 Revisit and wander through each fairy glen.

But yet, when my exile is over and finished—
 That is, when my soul has its liberty gained—
 Once more, then, I'll visit, with love undiminished,
 Each scene of my early life, bitter and pained ;
 For they say that a spirit oft visits the place
 Rendered green in its heart when a mortal it roved
 O'er the well-known scenes, and infinity's space
 Cannot bar its wild yearning to the place that it loved.

So, farewell to thee, Erin, in fondest devotion,
 Though exiled, my heart to thy memory still
 Oft turns, though parted by life's deepest ocean,
 Asundered, yet faithful to life's early thrill—
 To life's early thrill—to the patriot's emotion—
 A deep, lowly reverence for one's native sod,
 Through the long lapse of years, midst the world's commotio
 Unswerving in worship, but next to my God.

So, farewell, oh ! farewell, and his heart's sweet emotion
 Compels a poor exile his praises to thee
 To fling o'er the winds, thou bright Star of the Ocean !
 Thou Queen of the Isles of the Northern Sea !
 Then farewell, and farewell, and his heart it is breaking,
 Though proudly he gazes on thy swift-sinking shore,
 Solaced in his sorrow by the sweet thought unspeaking—
Thou art his, though to thee he returns no more.

The Flirt.

Of all the many daughters Mother Eve
 Let loose upon the world, there are none
 Can equal those who ever try to weave
 The meshes of their treachery, and run
 The nooses of destruction they have spun
 Around the necks and hearts of simple men,
 As those unwomaned women, brazen-faced,
 So well and aptly termed by word and pen
 "The flirts!" God help the man that's placed
 Within the thrall of those whose hearts are cased
 In a love-mocking panoply of scorn!
 I *know* a flirt—a flirt I *trusted*, too;
 She'd talk and quote religion like a priest;
 But, *ah!* she left me hopelessly to rue!

The Lilies.

Lo! the lilies of the field,
 How they grow!
 What a glorious beauty yield,
 Though so low!
 What a fragrance! what a glow!
 Clad in innocency so,
 In a vesture like the snow,
 That although
 They are lilies (as we know),
 Yet so beautiful, we trow,
 And so tender, and so frail,
 And so modest, pure, and pale,
 With such maidenhood unstained,
 That we shrink, unconscious, pained,
 From the sacrilege we meant
 As we o'er the waters leant,
 Where they grew like things of light,
 All so exquisitely bright,
 To ingather and find rest
 With them lying in our breast,

In their sweet simplicity—
 In their beauty, that to me
 Is an image of the soul,
 When its sins for ever roll
 Quite away, and leaves it free
 In the view, my God, of Thee,
 As the lilies are to me
 In their snowy modesty
 And unstained virginity !

In the water, imaged clear,
 Each more exquisite did appear,
 As, with softly petalled lips,
 It the wooing water sips,
 To the loving, happy song
 Of the breeze that sweeps along,
 And that makes the lovers greet—
 Loving, passionately meet
 In embraces, oh ! so sweet !
 For, to me, the flowers seem
 The beau-ideal of my dream
 Of what lovers *ought* to be—
 Full of beauty and of glee ;
 And the water is the heart
 That receives the love-winged dart ;
 That rejoiceth with surprise
 At the beam of lilies' eyes ;
 That reflecteth all their love
 Back to them and heaven above.

Oh ! to gather and find rest |
 With them lying in our breast,
 Near the weary throbbing, throbbing
 Of a heart that's ever sobbing—
 Ever sobbing, ever longing—
 With desires for ever thronging
 Like the lilies in the pond !
 It wants *something* still beyond—
Something it can never have
 On this side the coming grave.

In my heart I bless the flowers,
 As *they* bless the summer showers ;
 In my bosom they give rest—
 May they be for ever blest.
 White and shining as the snow
 Fallen from heaven to earth below,
 Lie ye close unto my heart—
 We will never, never part.
 More ye are to me than maiden ;
 For *your* breath with truth is laden.
 Still ye, then, the weary throbbing
 Of a heart for ever sobbing
 In its bitter ebb and flow
 To and fro.

Angels Above.

"And ye shall be as the angels in heaven." "For of *such* is the kingdom of heaven." "Every soul ye save alive shall be a star in your crown of glory."
 "Ye shall endure for eternity."

What are the angels—these spirits divine ?
 Stars that in heaven eternally shine ;
 Children of beauty, and children of light,
 Dwelling for ever in Jesus' sight ;
 Beings of holiness, beings of bliss—
 Angels, oh ! are ye not spirits like *this*—
 Not spirits like *this* ?

What are the angels bright—what are they—say ?
 Mortals that *one time* inhabited clay ;
 Mortals that *once* called this poor earth a *home*,
 Till the Great Father's voice bade them come ;
 Mortals that left us here wildly to mourn ;
 Mortals that left us to *never* return—
 To *never* return.

What are the angels, then ? Mothers most dear—
 Mothers we've wept for with many a tear ;
 Fathers, and brothers, and sisters, and all
 Friends of our, soul whom we ever recall—

Friends who *once* made this poor world appear
Mortals' false ideal—a heavenly sphere—
A heavenly sphere.

What are the angels, then? Those we have wept—
Those in whose bosoms we often have slept ;
Those we have loved with a passionate love,
More than—God pardon us—Jesus above ;
Those who have known the agony breath ;
Those who have passed through the valley of death—
The valley of death.

What are the angels, then? Ask ye the graves
In each lone churchyard, and under the waves.
Ask ye the crumbling stones, shivered and worn ;
Ask ye the poor bones from earth rudely torn ;
Ask the lone epitaph, hidden in grass—
Hidden, yet speaking a sermon, alas !—
A sermon, alas !

What are the angels, then? All they that bore
The cross through the fight, till fighting was o'er ;
All they who struggled and bled for their King ;
All they who for *His* sake lost everything ;
All they who died to *Him* victory bring
All they who *now* that great victory sing—
Great victory sing.

Ask ye the poor, and infirm, and old ;
Ask ye the children with bright heads of gold ;
Ask ye the grandmother, knitting at eve—
Knitting for those she will soon have to leave ;
Ask ye the meek, and the kind, and the pure ;
Ask your own souls, that for aye shall endure—
For aye shall endure.

Angels—bright angels—bright angels divine !
Stars that for ever round Jesus doth shine !
Spirits of purity, radiantly blest,
Taking your joy in the Great Father's breast !

Beings of splendour—bright beings of bliss !—
 Angels, I *know* ye are spirits like *this*—
 Are spirits like *this*.

Angels, oh ! tell me, shall I *ever* be
 One in God's army—an angel like ye ?
 Shall I ever be with His radiance dressed,
 Lying in peace in His Fatherly breast—
 I, a poor sinner, condemned to die—
 Tell me can I be an angel on high—
 An angel on high ?

Starlight.

It was a tiny, twinkling star,
 That shone on *me* from heaven above ;
 Its quivering beams, although afar,
 Appeared to me the Light of Love.

It rose when darkness round me spread,
 And gloomy thoughts submerged my soul,
 And from its beacon-height o'erhead
 It guided me with mute control,

It rose when all the world was drear—
 Uncared for and unknown was I—
 In all its beauty, bright and clear,
 It shone on me from out the sky,

And o'er my pathway shed a light
 Freeborn, divine, from out the spheres—
 A softened, shadowy ray that might
 Reflect a hope amid my tears.

It seemed, indeed, of Hope the star
 Thus sudden o'er my way appearing—
 Ministering, guiding, yet so far
 It well might pass me trembling, fearing.

Nothing so beautiful, so clear ;
 Nothing so frail, and yet so bright,
 As that far twinkling did appear—
 A diamond on the brow of Night.

Harvest Time.

Hail, Harvest Season ! crowned with crops of gold—
 Richly-luxuriant treasury of all
 The blessings of the year ! Unfold
 And empty forth thy cornucopia, and we shall
 Encircle thee around from lordly hall,
 As well as cottage poor. Triumphant, we
 Shall girdle thee with happy revelry ;
 For right well pleased are we at sight of thee,
 Thou Monarch of the year ! Wassail, wassail ;
 Our merry hearts doth fail
 To vent their o'er-abundant joy
 At all the divers riches thou dost tale,
 In corn and fruit, with measures brimming, flowing free.
 Then hail, blithe harvest season !—hail, all hail !

Charity.

Sweet, gentle maid, the fairest of the Three
 Thy sisters, Faith and Hope, are but of thee
 As thou of them ;
 And thus we see again the symbol grand—
 Three beauteous flowers in one band,
 Knit by one stem.
 How dear thou art to every heart that beats !
 For what is all besides, if in the wreaths
 We lay upon the altars of the soul,
 We have not *Thee*
 Of what avail is it if Faith and Hope
 Shine brilliant to the world ? We but grope
 Like some poor miner far beneath the ground,
 Whose light is lost, and cannot more be found.

Happiness.

O Happiness ! where art thou—wherefore flee
 On pinions swift from one who only tries
 To bask within thy presence, and to be
 A mote within the sunshine of thine eyes,
 Laughing with depth of blueness like the skies
 (Quivering in azured beauty 'neath the sun)?
 O Happiness !—O Happiness !—I know
 To such as I thy favours are not given—
 The poor, the weak, and those like me, I trow
 What joys we have are far but seldom riven—
 Undone by Fate—again by thee undone !
 Nor wife, nor child, nor living soul have I
 To love or be beloved by me.
 O Sovereign Lady ! pity me.

Love.

We say we love, but do we know its meaning ?
 We say we love, but is there aught to tell
 The pure, refined gold our life's been gleaning
 From filthiness and dross ? Ah ! who right well
 Can understand the study and the swell
 Of a poor human heart, that never
 For one short fleeting hour knows its own ?
 We say we love—we swear it—we endeavour
 To blindly prove no love but ours alone
 Is genuine and true, and all unknown
 Before it sprang to being. But the toll
 Of its existence strikes before we sever
 The new joy-birth within us from the ever
 Ceaselessly changing currents of our soul.

Lizzie.

England's great poet—the sweet bard of Avon—
 Once upon a time did lightly sing,
 “What's in a name?”

Great as the poet was, he knew not all—
 High priest of poesy—yet still a child
 In love's sweet school !—
 What's in a name ?

O Lizzie ! *you* do know, and only *you*,
 How precious thy dear name to *me* is, love—
 How I do revel in it, and adore
 With all mine heart and soul !—
 What's in a name ?

Lizzie, my sweet Lizzie—tyrant Lizzie—
Yours to me, love, is the all in all !

Mary Daly.

(*A Song.*)

It was a morning bright and gay,
 As I went out full early,
 To see about the new-cut hay,
 Through many a dew-drop pearly.
 As o'er the stile I made my way,
 Guess whom I met full fairly ;—
 But you'd guess away till Judgment Day,
 And never guess so rarely ;
 For the sorra wan would ever say,
 'Twas the girsha, Mary Daly—
 The sweet colleen, Mary Daly.

"Swate seventeen," says I to her,
 "'Tis you that's drowned with all the dew ;
 Come off ov that ould stile, ashore—
 'Tis not a sate for sich as you.
 The sun himself, behind the fir,
 Is peeping round, surprised to view
 Sich beauty as yourself astir,
 So early in the morning, too.
 'Tis more'n surprised I am, begor !
 Get off ov that, you colleen dhu—
 'Tis *you* that is the colleen dhu.

"Bad scan to the girl I know at all
 Can equal thee, a gra gal machree !
 From Dingle Bay to Dunegall,
 From Ireland's Eye to fair Mulrea,
 There's not a colleen, short nor tall,
 Whoe'er she is, where'er she be—
 I care not be she big nor small—
 Can hould a rish, agra, to thee.
 So now, in dread you'd get a fall—
 The stile is crooked—jump to me ;
 It's ten to wan I'll catch, *you'll* see."

Says she to me, "Bedad, it's quare,
 The ways you spake to wan unknown
 It's you that has the cheek to spare—
 wonder is it all your own ?
 Sich purty chaps, I do declare,
 As now is going about, ochone !
 Come out ov that ; I cannot bare
 To waste my talk on you alone.
 'Tis very aisy, sir, to stare,
 But that's the way your manner's shown—
 Faix, *some* have what is aisy shown."

With that she flew from off the stile,
 And left me standing on the grass ;
 And, faix, it was a middlin' while
 Before I knew the purty pass.
 She had me heart all through the smile.
 She smiled at me, whilst I, alas !
 Stood like a gom—let her beguile
 And barge me, like a rale jackass—
 Begor ! it makes me blood to bile ;
 And *I* whose face was always brass—
 But pewter 'tis—the devil a brass !

"Be-the-huist !" says I to myself aloud,
 "But it's you that's moighty fine and airy ;
 Faix, there's many a girl in every crowd,
 Nor nearly half so quite contrairy.
 And there's wan I know—she's called O'Dowd—
 Och ! she's the illigint wan in a dairy—

With her fortune made, nor half so proud
 As you, you cross-get of a fairy !
 So, here, yer sowl, till I'm in my shroud,
 It's me's the boy for Kate O'Dowd—
 May the Phooka fly away with Daly !"

June.

Beautiful June ! Beautiful June !

One of the sweetest—the pet of the twelve—
 Sister of May—each bright forest elfe
 Finds in the month, when all Nature's in tune,
 A joy and delight that is over too soon.
 Month, when the woods, and the birds, and the fl
 Are all in the glory and height of their powers !
 Month, when creation is never else seen
 Endued with the pride and the crown of a queen !
 Beautiful June ! Beautiful June !

Singing and ringing with melodies gay—
 Birds in the trees—bees humming croon—
 Insects are droning a merry old lay—
 Everything happy, as long as the day.

My friends.

(*Written in Corrig Wood.*)

A snowdrop white, a violet blue,
 Were neighbours of a primrose yellow,
 And each thought each a right good fellow.
 Three *better* friends you ne'er might view.

They lived beneath an aged tree,
 Whose branches formed their canopy—
 A glimpse of *blue* they just could see,
 That showed the heavens wide and free.

A mossy bank of velvet green
 Ran over the gnarled roots below,
 So mossy and so green—I trow
 A throne full meet for Mab the Queen.

And this fair spot was in a wood—
 In Corrig Wood, you *well* might know—
 The Home of Fairydom—and *so*
 To sing its praise—I would I could !

And here they lived—a Paradise
 Inhabited by angels three ;
 More chosen friends you might not see,
 With innocence within their eyes—

The violet blue, the snowdrop white,
 The yellow-petalled primrose, too—
How beautiful their days, though few !
How exquisite their life so bright !

They lived upon the evening dew,
 And on the sun's impassioned glances—
 Down through the boughs, like fiery lances,
 They sought this *harem* of beauties true.

And in sweet rivalry they grew ;
 Each day improved upon their graces—
 The aged tree, in beauty's traces
Imprisoned, knew not what to do.

To see them in the morning bright,
 Before the sun has chased the dew,
 You *well* might tremble at the view—
 You *well* might quiver with delight.

In each sweet flowery-petalled eye
 A pearly drop of water clear—
 A crystallised dewdrop like a tear—
 Hangs quivering like a smothered sigh.

The meek and lovely head is down,
 As though too modest up to rise ;
 It *knows* what's waiting in the skies
 With many a burning kiss to crown.

*And then the odours !—oh ! such three
 And glorious friends as these you'd never—
 Were you to seek for aye and ever—
 Find out, as Corrig gave to me.*

Corrig Wood.

(Near Portarlinton.)

Sweet Corrig Wood ! dear Corrig Wood !
 My blessings on thy verdant shades ;
 I would I only fitly could
 Describe the beauty of thy glades
 And mazes wild, where rustic maids
 Might wander at their own sweet will,
 And seem like Venuses at home.
 How oft I've wandered through thee, till
 In sleep I even seem to roam,
 And dreamland beckons me to come !
 Thine ancient spire and glorious trees ;
 Thine arcades, mazes, made to please ;
 Thy flowers scenting every breeze—
 Oh ! bless thee, Corrig Wood, for these !

Lea Castle.

(Near Portarlinton.)

Proud relic of the old, old times,
 When might was right, and hands were hard—
 Hard as thine panoply and guard,
 And wild alarms daily things ! Green ivy climbs
 High o'er thine topmost towers now,
 And carpets all thy gloomy brow,
 As though in pity to efface
 The wreck that Time and Man did trace
 Upon thy dauntless front. Proud towers !
 Where *now* lie all thy vaunted powers ?
 Crumbling in ruins o'er the green !
 Thy masters high and haughty, too,
 Who scorned to cringe or basely sue,
 Are lower yet than thee, I ween.

Beautiful Summer.

Oh ! I love the beautiful Summer ;
 The gloriously beautiful Summer !—
 Season of dreams—
 All nature seems
 Made up of birds, and shrubs, and flowers—
 Of bright sunbeams and gentle showers !

Oh ! I love the beautiful Summer ;
 The gloriously beautiful Summer !
 For Summer-time
 Is a fairy clime
 And a tropic land of pure delight,
 For ever fair, and for ever bright !

Oh ! I love the bright time of flowers ;
 The time of my happiest hours !—
 To lie in dreams,
 'Neath the sunbeams,
 On a mossy, green and velvet bank,
 With wild flowers strewn, rank on rank !

What is sad Autumn—or what the Spring ?
 Or the robe drear Winter-time can fling
 O'er all that live ?
 Summer can give
 To Nature all she can *love* alone—
 The flowers, the birds, the sun—her own !

The Spring-time is full of beauty, too,
 With its opening buds of brightest hue—
 Its young grass green—
 Its emerald sheen ;
 But its beauty hath a faint alloy,
 Like sobbings amid our laugh of joy.

And Autumn is wondrous—wondrous fair—
 Beautiful as martyred virgin fair !
 There is a peace
 Of near decease ;

And her golden head is traced with gray—
Hair that we thought would never decay !

And Winter dread his mantle of snow
Can over earth's beauties only throw
 A cold, cold wreath,
 Shadowing death ;
And it killeth all bright things with cold.
Not so my Summer—my season of gold !

Yes, I love the beautiful Summer ;
The gloriously beautiful Summer !—
 Season of dreams—
 When Nature seems
Made up of birds, and leaves, and flowers—
Of bright sunbeams and gentle showers !

A Hymn.

When troubles surround us, and sorrows assail,
We will trust in that arm which never can fail—
In the strength and the might which created us all ;
In the Name upon which we are bidden to call—
 Then rest thee, my heart, oh, rest !

In the hour of pain, and with death hov'ring nigh,
We will call upon Him of the life-giving eye,
And with tears and bewailings, and proud hearts laid low,
We will lie in the dust 'fore the altar of snow—
 Then rest thee, my soul, oh, rest !

When age is upon us, and hair is snow white,
And palsy hath robbed us of beauty and might,
And sight is fast dimming, with the darkness of death,
We will call upon Him with the last of our breath—
 Then rest thee, my spirit, rest !

When earth's chosen friends are departed and gone,
And the links that once knit us to life are not strong ;

When the pride of the flesh, and the pride of the eye,
Are no longer temptations our weak hearts to fly—
Then rest thee, my heart, oh, rest !

When death is a thought very frequent to us,
And the grave the sad couch that awaiteth us thus,
And silence, and darkness, and oblivion are near,
Oh ! we'll think of the *promise* that forbiddeth to fear—
Then rest thee, my soul, oh, rest !

When the verge of the grave is God's holiest ground,
And eternity loometh in vastness profound,
And with terror and trembling we descend to the tomb,
Oh ! may *His* pard'ning smile enlighten the gloom—
Then rest thee, my heart, oh, rest !

Then Christians, why tremble with doubtings and fears ?
God's spirit is love, and in love it appears ;
But rejoice in thy Lord, and His banner uphold,
Till thy spirit is welcomed at the Portals of Gold !—
Then rejoice thee, my soul, rejoice !

July.

Of all the sons and daughters of the year—
That bright, gay throng which circle him around—
There is not one to me that doth appear
Like that proud, queenly maid, with temples bound
With many a bright festoon of Nature's own
Flowers and leaves, from Flora's realm alone.
A queenly maid she is—a virgin staid—
And royalty is on her beauteous brow.
No wonder 'tis the flowerets all have laid
Their choicest tribute at her feet, and bow
In loyalty and love to her, their queen,
Reigning in glory in her woodlands green.
She's like the maid I love, and to mine eye
That maiden dear is just a sweet July !

Childhood.

O childhood's days! O childhood's hours!—

Flowers of beauty on a string—

Days of gladness,

Void of sadness,

Fairy-hued as rainbow showers!

Life's wild madness

All unknown, as birds that sing

When Winter's here instead of Spring!

O childhood's heart! O childhood's joy!—

One as gay as the other true—

Rippling laughter,

Nothing after

To destroy with base alloy.

Time, the waster,

Sends the storms of life to hue,

Blackening o'er their skies of blue!

O childhood's hope! O childhood's dream!—

Tinted they are as roses red,

Or colouring

Of insect's wing—

Gay butterflies, 'neath sun's bright beam!

Dark clouds may fling

Their transient shadows o'er our head,

But *never* till sweet childhood's fled!

O childhood's mates! O childhood's friends!—

Companions loved of many a game—

Ah! sweet the spell,

And sad as well,

Memory fond to old Time lends!

For true hearts swell

Ever at some far childhood's name—

Dear—fond remembrance still the same!



Maggie Aroon.

(For Music.)

Maggie aroon ! Maggie aroon !
 Joy hath no pleasure
 Like the sweet measure
 The heart in my bosom is beating, repeating,
 Midnight and noon—midnight and noon—
 For the great treasure
 I found in meeting
 My Maggie aroon !

Maggie aroon ! Maggie aroon !
 Where's the happiness
 Can poor mortal bless,
 Raising us high on its wings to the skies,
 Midnight and noon—midnight and noon—
 As in her caress,
 When in my bosom lies
 My Maggie aroon ?

Maggie aroon ! Maggie aroon !—
 Queen of a colleen—
 In beauty a queen !
 Where is the boreen in Erin can own
 A blossom budding in fragrance so soon,
 As is to be seen
 But in her alone—
 My Maggie aroon ?

Maggie aroon ! Maggie aroon !—
 Dear bright, laughing eyes,
 As clear as the skies,
 When not a cloud specks the firmament blue—
 Gay as a soaring lark, colleen aroon !
 And knowing not sighs
 From a pure heart true—
 My Maggie aroon !

Maggie aroon ! Maggie aroon !
 Sweet Irish girl,
 How you can twirl
 The boys round your fingers like tresses of hair !
 As a beautiful flower in the sunshine of June,
 Our senses you whirl
 With beauty *so* rare—
 My Maggie aroon !

In Erin there's only *one* Maggie aroon !
 You cannot find two—
 Search it all through.
 Like the Island that owns her, she has no compare.
 On my heart she can play, as none other, a tune—
 Compels me to sue—
 My heart to lay bare
 To Maggie aroon !

August.

All hail to thee, luxuriant month of fruits !
 When from earth's womb the golden sheaves doth fall,
 And in the orchard, bush, and tree, hath all
 Their branches in a surfeit with the truths
 That lay within the blossoms of the Spring,
 And to the hot sun now their ripened glories fling !
 August—thou cornucopia of the year !—
 The farmer's joy—the poor man's friend—
 The hungry will to thee brush off a tear,
 And revel in the *largesse* thou shalt spend
 With kingly hand, as to the Lord you lend.
 Beneficent and glorious, oh ! thou art—
 Thou granary ! thou harvest ! and thou heart
 Of all the year !—from thee no year apart.

Miss O'Hea.

Yes, her name is Kate O'Hea,
 And I cry you, cry you nay,
 When you say

That she is a gay firteen.
Though a child of mere sixteen,
 Kate's a woman in her mien,
 And you may
 Search the world o'er and through,
 'Fore a sweeter one you'd view.

Kate's a darlint—so I say—
 And there's not another Hea
 In the way
 To come near at all to her.
 When she steps the streets of Birr.
 Och ! 'tis she that makes the stir,
 You may say,
 On a Sunday morning fine,
 When to Mass she cuts a shine !

Kate's a beauty—it I swear—
 And I really do declare,
 To compare
 With her majesty there's naught—
 With her majesty where's aught
 Can come near ? And so I've fought
 In despair
 With the blackguards that alone
 Sought to rob me of my own.

Kate's a cruiskeen full of joy—
 Full of joy without alloy.
 Where's the boy
 Can resist my gay girleen—
 Can resist my sweet sixteen—
 As she walks the world a queen,
 All so coy ?
 Sorra bachelor I know
 But acknowledges her glow !

Kate's a colleen, colleen dhas !
 You may style me a jackass—
 Let it pass ;

But I tell you once again
 She's enough to bring a pain
 In your great aorta vein,

As, alas !

I but know too well, ochone !
Vide this melancholy moan.

Kate's a colleen, colleen dhu !
 And a finer you'd ne'er view
 From a pew
 In a church at Christmas time ;
 For my Kate is in her prime,
 With both voice and face in chime.

Ullalu !

'Tis salt tears you'd cry all day
 If from *her* you were away.

Kate's my own, my own aroon !
 And she's ever sweet in tune,
 Like the June
 Zephyrs playing o'er the fields ;
 And her voice such glamour wields,
 That your heart submissive yields,
 Short and soon,
 To the Beauty which alone
 Reigns triumphant on *her* throne !

Arrah ! arrah ! Kate O'Hea,
 Listen now to what I say—
 What I pray—
Will you have me? *Will* you be
 Mistress Michael Pat O'Shea?
 Sorra better you can see—
 So I say—
 If you searched old Ireland o'er,
 From Coleraine to Baltimore !



Baby.

Little bright eyes !
 Free from heart sighs ;
 Free from sad cares ;
 Free from world snares—
 How bright and happy art thou, dear,
 That knowest not a heartfelt tear !

Sweet-eyed baby !
 Surely, maybe,
 There are sobbings
 And heart throbbings
 In full measure coming to thee—
 Coming to thee—baby, baby !

Dearest baby !
 God, we pray Thee,
 Keep our dearest
 To Thee nearest.
 "Suffer little ones come to me,"
 Is our dedication to Thee.

Precious baby !
 Idol baby !
 God, we render
 Praise, and tender
 Soul-felt thanks to Thee for baby—
 For our blessed, angel baby !

Musings.

I wonder where we all shall be
 When next old Christmas smiles around ?
 Some hearts that *now* are beating free
 Shall *then* be but a memory—
 A memory to but a few !
 For, like the early morning's dew,
 We soon are gone, forgotten, lost—
 A bubble on the ocean tost.

Go ! ask yon stone its history.
 The record graved may be for me,
 Or you—the only saddening trace
 That *once* we had ambition's place
 Upon this world's stage ; and *see*,
 How high soe'er our aims might be,
 They're centred now, and only found
 Upon a stone above the ground !

Young souls rejoicing in the day
 Of youth, and hope, and life, and light,
 With hearts that ever sweetly play
 The music of a roundelay ;
 With hearts that beat a glad refrain,
 In which there's not one throb of pain ;
 With hearts that know not sorrow's door,
 But revel in their present store—
 Can scarcely dream that life is all
 A mockery, though tombs may call,
 And monuments may beckon stern
 Their heedless steps to backwards turn ;
 Though all around, above, below,
 Contains a record but of woe—
 A record that in letters bright
 Says loudly this is but the *night* !

The mystery of life is so
 Involved that we can hardly tell
 The day from night—the joy from woe—
 Till suddenly a mighty throe
 Shall rend the veil from off our eyes,
 And we can see, with wild surprise,
 The panorama of our life
 Set forth with all its endless strife—
 With all its bickering and pain ;
 With all its aspiration vain ;
 With all its earthly vanity ;
 And all its carnal sympathy—
 In one wild whole unfurled, till
 We recognise the Supreme Will
 As guiding, guarding us so well
 Through all that ever hath befell.

O Life ! what art thou ? Child of Earth,
 Or spark from Heaven here below ?
 Oh ! wherefore hast thou lowly birth
 Upon this world's dying hearth,
 Where sparks but beam to fade away,
 As sunshine on a winter's day,
 That, flashing bright, anon so pale,
 Show the illusion of the tale
 Men read from out its beams so bright—
 Resemblances of summer's light ?
 They come, they go, they shine, they fade—
 Their warmest hour no flower made ;
 Like as the moon, their glow is gone
 'Fore this far world they shone upon ;
 And such, O Life ! we barely know
 Thine presence till thou'rt vanished *so* !

I often think, and pass away
 An hour or two in this wise—
 To solve the mysteries which play
 Electric lights along my way,
 And will not cease, and will not go,
 But, like the ocean's ebb and flow,
 Present themselves unceasingly
 And seemingly increasingly
 Mysterious the more I gaze.
 I seemeth like within a maze—
 A maze profound, that deeper grows
 The more I grope. Is *there* that knows
 This mystery for one ? Yon skies
 Are far more shallow to our eyes !

O Life ! O Life !—mysterious thing !—
 What is this halo thou canst fling ?
 We vainly try in *thought* to bring
 Thee subject to our reason's king—
 To con thy ways, foretell thy course,
 Track out thy deeply-hidden source,
 Spell out thy wherefore, and the laws
 That ruleth thee, mysterious cause !
 But vain were all the art of man—
 He cannot hope to ever scan

The hidden springs which moveth thee,
 Thou mystery of mystery !
 For, as the harp-strings thrill to song
 To *him* to whom they all belong,
 So, from the womb, with sudden spring,
 A clod becomes creation's king !

Sunset.

I think there's not on land or sea
 A sight more beauteous than the sun—
 An autumn sun—its day's work done,
 Sinking to rest so gloriously.

The western skies seem all ablaze
 With colours might a rainbow shame—
 Deep purple, gold, and vivid flame,
 Commingling in a sea of rays !

To my rapt view, on such an even,
 As I, enraptured, feed mine eyes,
 Are moments when the burning skies
 Seem as the opening gates of Heaven !

The distant hills, effulgently
 Are bathed in light to day unknown—
 A light, O dying sun ! thine own—
 Thine own "good night" to mount and lea.

And every tree and every flower—
 Aye, every blade of grass all green—
 Are to delighted vision seen
 Steeped in the glory of the hour.

I oft have thought such hour as this
 All nature makes devotional ;
 Everything prayeth—there's a thrall
 Husheth all things to peace and bliss.

Souls weary, fainting, suffering,
 Find in this hour of day sublime—
 Find in this hallow'd vesper time—
 Waters of strength—a holy spring.

There is a deep, a blissful calm—
 A calm religious in its depth,
 As though all things that ever wept
 Might solace find beneath its balm.

The skies, the air, the earth, and all
 That on earth are inanimate
 Or animate, reciprocate
 Nature's own time devotional.

Oh ! a sweet summer hour of even,
 Just 'fore the twilight shades the scene,
 In a fair woodland vista green,
 Prayer is *involuntary* to heaven !

Ah ! no, there's not on land or sea
 Aught that's more beautiful than the sun—
 An autumn sun—its day's work done,
 Bidding "good-night" so gloriously !

The Jilt.

There's nothing in Creation can outvie,
 In lowness of contempt, with *that* we call
 The Jilt ! E'en to tell a lie—
 A lie premeditated—is but small
 When standing up before our tribunal,
 Side by side with that degraded thing
 That tells not only lies, but lives a lie—
 A lie that's spelt with letters black and high—
 As high as *one* I knew, that used to fling
 From out her eyes a glamour that enwound
 Itself my very soul and life around.
 But, ah ! I've found my idol rudely dashed
 Down from its pedestal in my heart, and broken—
 Broken as every vow and every trusted token.

Old House on Top of the Hill.

Oh ! the House on the Hill ! Old House on the Hill !

The House on the slope of the Hill !

When I think of it, lo ! my grey head doth bow,

And I wander back through the years till it now

Seemeth plain to my eye.

Oh, it never will die !

Embalmed in my heart is that House on the Hill—

That dearest Old House on the slope of the Hill !

In heart I oft dream of the House on the Hill—

The House on the slope of the Hill ;

And at night, when in pain and anguish I lie,

Through the darkness it seems as though it would try,

In its vision so plain,

To dispel all my pain,

And bring to me back all that's buried and dead,

And make me forget the grey hairs on my head.

My soul is oft yearning, Old House on the Hill !—

Old House on the slope of the Hill !—

For the hearth where once burned bright fires, now cold—

Bright fires the rich cannot buy with their gold—

For the hearts now in dust,

With their Maker we trust.

Oh ! the fires are quenched and the hearts they are still ;

They are known no more to the House on the Hill !

I've roamed o'er the world, Old House on the Hill !—

Old House on the slope of the Hill !—

And never have met, neath the glance of the sun,

A spot like that spot whence my travels begun.

Oh ! 'tis never more dear

Than when seen through a tear.

Mem'ry engilds it with the ivy of love—

The ivy that springeth the more that we rove.

In far distant lands, O Old House on the Hill !—

Old House on the slope of the Hill !—

I've lain me down on their gold-strewn strands,
 And spoke to the ocean that spoke to the sands
 Of my far away Isle
 To my sorrow beguile,
 And carry the love that my weary heart fills
 To the Hill—my Hill—in that Island of Hills !

I am homeless now, dear Old House on the Hill !—
 Old House on the brow of the Hill !—
 For I never could settle in distant homes,
 And my heart is unhappy unless it roams.
 Like the needle that turns
 Where the north star burns,
 My soul ever yearns to the dear Old Hill,
 And the Old House that makes it the dearer still !

I have but one wish, O Old House on the Hill !—
 Old House on the slope of the Hill !—
 It is, when my time comes I may yield my soul
 'Neath the dear old roof-tree, and my name enroll
 Itself on the grey stone,
 Defaced and moss-grown,
 That lies in the yard at the foot of the Hill—
 The old chapel-yard full of memories thrill !

Peace.

(Written during the Russo-Turkish War.)

Oh ! when will Peace—blest Peace— return,
 And smile again upon the plains—
 The plains where havoc wanton reigns,
 And pestilence and famine burn ?

Oh ! when will Peace bid cease to flow
 The bloody moisture now that rains
 O'er hill and valley from the veins
 Of many a mother's son laid low ?

Oh ! when will Peace strike up the hands—
 The human hands—which fiercely try
 God's image to deface—decry
 The glory of two noble lands ?

Oh ! when will Peace the cannon change
 Into the ploughshare, and the lines
 Of reeking bayonets to the vines
 Once garrisoning the Balkan Range ?

Oh ! when will Peace the humble home—
 The loving mother and her young—
 Protect from *that* which souls hath wrung—
 War's glory—and war's glory's foam ?

O Peace ! return—return once more—
 We mourn, we pray, we die for thee.
 Come back, come back—we would be free
 From war's hell fire and deadly roar.

Come back, oh ! come, till earth reposes
 In thy sweet smile from shore to shore,
 And Shipka regains its fields of roses.

To "R. St. Kilda."

Sweet songstress of the lyre that I love !
 Fair daughter of Ierne's Seir-i-dans !*
 Like *me*, you glory in the whispering groves,
 The breezy hill-sides, and the murmuring sea ;
 Like *me*, you burn to away and rove
 Amidst the purple heather, and the glens,
 And ancient ruins, with many a beauteous tale
 Enwound around them as the ivy steals,
 Whose walls are filled with legends of the mail-
 Clad warriors and knights of now long peaceful clans.
 Fair singer ! oh ! *you* know how sweet to be,
 In spirit and in body, far away and free.

* Seir-i-dans—*Anglice*, Sheridan—"Ancient Hereditary Poets and Brehons."

The flowers to *you* are more than flowers, I ween ;
 The birds are not mere feathers—various hued ;
 The clouds are not dull vapours—sun coloured ;
 The winds are not mere presagers of storm ;
 The winds, the sea, the ruins—all are more
 To you (and I) than many might suppose,
 Who have not eyes to see, or ears to hear,
 Or souls within their bodies to uncloze.
 Sweet songstress ! we may never meet, you know ;
 But this poor tribute I on thee bestow—
 A tiny little hot-house flower I've reared
 To pin upon thy bosom—all I have.
 But had I twined wreaths of laurel leaves,
 Or grand bouquets of tropic-tinted flowers,
 They would not signify one-tithe the part
 Thou hast within a fellow-poet's heart.
 My soul goes forth to meet thee, as the dove
 Went forth from out the ark to find a place
 Whereon to rest its ever-fluttering wings—
 Whereon to find a haven and a home.
 In *thee* my spirit could obtain its *all*—
 Its Paradise, its Eden, and its Ark—
 Thou sweetest minstrel of our much-loved lyre !

Maiden of Mine.

(For Music.)

Bright be thine eyes,
 Maiden of mine ;
 Bright be the skies
 That o'er thee shine ;
 Happiness lies—
 Life and it vies—
 In thine sweet eyes,
 Maiden of mine.

 Hours of glee,
 Maiden of mine,
 Are but for *thee*,
 As they entwine

Pleasures that be.
 Sorrow may flee,
 Leaving *thee* free,
 Maiden of mine.

Glad be the hours,
 Maiden of mine—
 Beauteous as flowers
 When they combine,
 'Neath the soft showers,
 With their sweet powers,
 Fragrant in bowers,
 Maiden of mine.

Heart full of ease,
 Maiden of mine ;
 Nothing to tease
 Bosom like thine.
 Do as *you* please—
 Trouble but flees
 When you it sees,
 Maiden of mine.

Like the blithe bee,
 Maiden of mine,
 Happy and free,
 Humming a line—
 Heart melody,
 That we can see
 Akin to *thee*—
 Maiden of mine.

Dear little thing,
 Maiden of mine ;
 How you can fling
 O'er and twine
 Bonds that we string
 Closer, and bring
 Nearer, you sing—
 Maiden of mine !

III

Bright be thine eyes,
 Maiden of mine ;
 Azure the skies
 That o'er thee shine.
 Darkness but flies,
 Sorrow but dies,
 'Fore thine dear eyes,
 Maiden of mine.

Darling, I bless,
 Maiden of mine,
 Each golden tress,
 Love, that is thine.
 Sorrow's caress
 Never can press
 On thy glad happiness,
 Maiden of mine.

Gra Gal.

(For Music.)

Gra gal ! gra gal ! how my heart ever turns,
 No matter how distant or hopeless I be,
 With the wild love that in me unceasingly burns,
 To thee, my own darling—to thee, love, to thee,
Gra gal !

Gra gal ! gra gal ! the fever is throbbing,
 Burning and panting, my pulses within ;
 Laughter is rarer than sighing and sobbing—
 Hope hath no chance against sorrow to win,
Gra gal !

At evening I love, when the light is declining,
 To wander, and dream of the days that are gone—
 Of the bright days when Hope was a star ever shining
 And pointing the way, love, to thee, ever on,
Gra gal !

In night's stilly hours, neither waking nor sleeping,
 The heart in my bosom is ever repeating
 The dirge that, alas ! is evermore weeping
 As constant as throbbings my heart is e'er beating—
 Gra gal !

Gra gal ! gra gal ! how my heart ever turns,
 No matter how distant or hopeless I be,
 With the wild love that in me unceasingly burns,
 To thee, my own darling—to thee, love, to thee,
 Gra gal !

Bessie.

A maiden once I knew in days gone by—
 In days gone by—but green within my heart ;
 A maiden fair, that in my memory
 Still hath the sweetest and the better part,
 As from her eyes I felt the quick'ning dart
 First penetrate my bosom, and defy
 The potentest of charms. Cupid's mart
 In me a prisoner took, and weak, and shy,
 Like night-bird in the blaze of noon-day sky,
 I hid myself away and fed on sighs,
 And listened to my heart's complaining cries.
 Ah, Bessie ! oh, my Bessie ! since you flew
 Beyond my lowlier sphere, till lost to view,
 I oft have mute despaired and wished myself to die !

My Wild, Wild Rose.

(For Music.)

The wild red rose and the wild white rose,
 Blooming gay on their thorny bushes,
 Bright and fair as the rose that blows,
 Perfumes and dies in its own sweet blushes.
 Oh ! the wild red rose !
 And the wild white rose !
 Dimpling o'er with pride and glory,
 As a maid when she heareth the old, old story.

I know a rose, a white, white rose,
 With cheeks as blood upon a lily,
 With eyes more black than the blackest sloes,
 And hair that in beauty makes me silly.

Oh ! my wild white rose,
 And my wild red rose !

Come, let me pluck and wear thee gaily,
 And I'll worship my rose, and love her daily.

Oh ! why will my rose on the thorny briar
 Reign content o'er roses only ?

Oh ! will she, will she never tire,
 And pity the heart that's, oh ! so lonely ?

Oh ! my sweet red rose !
 And my sweet white rose !

With heart so hard, it never beateth
 The quicker as I my tale repeateth.

I've loved the lily and bright bluebell,
 The snowdrop, too, and violet tender ;
 But none, my rose, save you, can tell
 How beauty could true love engender.

Oh ! my beauteous rose !
 And my bright, bright rose !

Come, tell to me why beauty ever
 Hardens your heart to soften never.

You'll reign alone, and you'll fade alone,
 And you'll die alone, if you don't take warning ;

And the warning is, make me your own,
 And thereby be true love adorning.

Oh ! my proud, proud rose ! ~
 My glorious rose !

Look down one moment, and tell me will you—
 One blush—one glance, and tell me will you.

The sun looks down and smiles around him ;
 The moon in this the day-king follows ;
 And all the stars, both bright and dim,
 Ever beam down with love that hallows.

Oh ! my briary rose !
 My own sweet rose !

Why pity you not your own true lover?—
In life and in death your own true lover !

Oh ! my wild red rose and my wild white rose !
· Blooming gay in her native borean ;
Red her cheeks, and the Arctic snows
Cannot equal her breasts when seen,
Oh ! my winsome rose !
And my gladsome rose !
Dimpling o'er with love and beauty,
As she coy receiveth her lover's duty.

The Soul.

What is that essence which we all possess—
The delver in the soil, as well as king ?
Inscrutable ! mysterious ! To impress
The mind with a dim idea, is to bring
A light to show the darkness of the thing !
They say it shall exist beyond all time,
When e'en yon distant stars have died away ;
When e'en the sun no more shall shed a ray.
Nay, more—the earth itself—O *thought* sublime !—
Shall be as uncreated—void in space—
The heavens unknowing e'en its dwelling-place.
Even *then*, O wondrous soul ! 'tis said thou'lt dwell
In Paradise eternal, or in Hell.
O God ! O God ! if true, 'tis terrible.

A Holiday.

In Corrig Wood,
As all alone I wander on a day—
A summer day of beauty all too rare,
When heaven and earth seem kissing in the arms
Of the enraptured, ever-whispering breeze ;
When every little bird on every twig

Seems pouring forth its very soul in song ;
 When every flower bedewed upon the green
 Seems rivalling its beauty with its smell ;
 When every tree seems as a sentinel
 Guarding the floral worship of the grove,
 All silent in its duty—praying, too ;
 When every leaf that flutters on a bough
 Seems as some winged thing all struggling
 To be but let away, and to be free ;
 When every glittering beam the sun sheds down
 Between the ambrosial shades, is as a glimpse
 Of the bright realm whence it radiates ;
 When every tiny blade of quivering grass
 Seems as the lance of some gay cavalier
 (For such there are, I wot, to us unseen)
 Of Fairydom, in tournament's career,
 His charger and himself but visible
 To mortal eyes, 'neath certain influence
 Of moonbeams, magic rings, and mystic night—
 And, oh ! in Corrig Wood there is a spot
 Long dedicate to Fairydom—a glade
 In which the court, the sports, the revelries
 Of Mab and all her bright world ever are—
 A fairy spot it is, environed round
 With silent, pillar'd monarchs of the wood—
 All stately as cathedral columns they ;
 And overhead, and round about, the boughs
 Hide out the scorching sun, whose vivid beams
 Dare not approach, untempered, to the green—
 The emerald green—on which the throne is set
 Of Mab, the merry queen of merry men ;
 When every flower that sparkles in the grass—
 The primrose yellow, violet so blue,
 The crocus, bright-eyed daisy, hyacinth,
 Wild pea, and dandelion, and bluebell,
 And myriads more of which I cannot tell
 The names ; but all, to me, I know
 Are beautiful exceedingly, and pure—
 Pure as the heaven-sent drops of rainbow dew
 Which get them in the womb of fruitful earth ;
 Pure as the warm kisses of the sun,

Which covered them with blushes crystallized;
 Pure as the merry gambols of the breeze
 That tossed them in its warm arms, full of play;
 Pure in their birth, their ripeness, and decay—

On such a day,
 When everything on earth, in air, and sky,
 Is beautiful beyond all power to tell;
 When one can only *feel* its influence
 Within the very heart, and soul, and sense—
 How sweet—how very sweet, indeed, it is
 To wander through a surfeit thus of joy,
 And feel the heart of care within the breast
 Grow light and gladsome, till it floats away
 Like a gay bubble from the pipe of youth,
 Upward and upward, till in yon azure depths
 'Tis lost to all the cares, corrodings, pains
 Of this most weary, weary life below.

Lowly Beauties.

I love to wander through the fields
 On summer mornings, when the earth
 Rejoiceth in the year's new birth,
 And in the wealth it teeming yields,

The hedgerows lavishly are lined
 And parterred gay with flowers bright;
 It is a sweet and beauteous sight—
 Each flower hath a poem enshrined.

Some flowers upward raise their eyes,
 As daisies spreading o'er the green—
 It seems as though, to us unseen,
 They saw some vision in the skies.

And others lowly bend to hide
 (At least I think it must be so)
 Their glorious beauty; for I trow
 Their shrinking is no mark of pride.

And there are some that look askance—
 Coy flowers they are, of merry mood—
 You catch them from the underwood
 Trying to pierce you with a glance.

True flirts are they of manner born,
 Spending their summer hours in mirth—
 Coquettes of Flora from their birth—
 Go see them in the early morn ;

But flowers are not the only joy
 I steal from Nature's gardenrie—
 Where'er I turn I surely see
 Beauty in beauty's unalloy.

Each emerald spear of grass to me
 Is more than grass—it is a wand,
 Beckoning to a magic land
 That only eyes like mine can see !

Each bramble waving in the breeze,
 Though thorns it shows to others' eyes,
 To me hath many a glad surprise,
 And me it never fails to please.

Each weed, each dock, each nettle even—
 Though few can see its brimming cup
 Of beauty—yet seems offering up
 (To my eyes) grateful thanks to heaven.

The Bell of Lea.

(Lea, the Parish Church of Portarlington.)

On Sabbath morn to hear the Bell of Lea,
 With tongue melodious, ring its call to prayer !
 There's music in its voice as, God, to Thee
 It calleth sinners to give worship there—
 " Pray now—ye all—
 'Tis God's—own time—
 To worship—Him ! "

The Bell of Lea—oh ! how melodiously
 It sings its invitation unto all !—
 One time all wild with joy, and then, *to me*
 It sinks unto a loving, whispering call—
 “Come, now—come, now—
 Return—return—
 To me—to me !”

The Bell of Lea !—that gladsome-sadd’ning bell !—
 Its notes of joy, so turbulent at times,
 Are but the echo of the notes that swell
 And die upon the heart in mourning chimes—
 “ We ring—we sing—
 Of Death—Of Life—
 The grave—beyond !”

I oft-times think it preaches unto me,
 A sermon without words—A Psalm of Life—
 And, as I listen to its homily,
 The passions in my bosom cease their strife—
 “ Rest thee—rest thee—
 Poor mortal—man—
 O heart—be still !”

There’s music in the bell—to me a hymn
 That knocketh at the heart like melody
 Our mothers sang in childhood far and dim,
 When we were rocked to sleep upon their knee—
 “ My child—my child—
 Sleep now—sleep thou—
 Good angels—guard !”

A Sabbath morn were not the same to me,
 Heard I no bell sweet ringing o’er the vale ;
 O God ! my thoughts would wander far from Thee,
 Told not this monitor to me its tale—
 “ Pray now—pray thou—
 ’Tis God’s—own time—
 To worship—Him !”

Sweet Bell of Lea ! sweet-singing Bell of Lea !
 The music of thy tongue is as a psalm !

And as the spire points, my God, to Thee,
So doth the belfry lend to me a calm—

“We ring—we sing—
Of peace—of joy—
This world—beyond!”

I’ve heard the voice of many a sweet-toned bell—
Coolbanager’s re-echoing through the air—
The tenor of St. Paul’s—the Chapel’s swell;
But none, O Lea! are like to thine own prayer—
“Come, now—and pray—
To God—our God—
Our Lord—and King!”

Ah! Maiden, why weepest?

Ah! maiden, why weepest? Thy mother is dead.
An ocean of tears can avail thee naught now—
With the dead it is over. Love, raise up thy head,
Till I wipe the fond drops from thine eyes and thy brow.

Ah! maiden, cease weeping—she heareth no more—
The fond heart that beateth no longer is warm.
Life’s battle is ended—her troubles are o’er;
But I, love, am left still to shield thee from harm.

Ah! maiden, sweet maiden, this weeping is woe
To the fond heart that loves thee so truly and long.
Command back those tears, love—forbid them to flow;
In exchange I will give thee affection as strong.

Ah! maiden, dear maiden, in pity cease weeping;
Thy mother is dead—she is now with the blest.
Disturb not her slumbers—she is peacefully sleeping—
But recline thy sweet head on my bosom, and rest.

The love of the living is better than sorrow;
For where is the use in thus foolishly grieving.
An ocean of tears brings no hope for the morrow;
But love is new life, wert thou only believing.

Then maiden, my maiden, away with this crying !
 My heart is but beating for love and for thee.
 Sweet life is before us—why think then of dying?—
 Away with this weeping, and come but to me.

Beauty's Doom.

Oh ! where are all the flowers that bloomed
 Last year upon the jocund earth ?
 Oh ! why is beauty always doomed
 To death—almost before its birth ?
 The beauteous flowers
 Of sun and showers—
 Oh ! wherefore doomed from off the earth ?

The daisies white—the daisies gold—
 The primrose hiding in the lane ;
 The buttercups so gay and bold—
 Oh ! wherefore is their beauty vain ?—
 Why born to death
 'Fore scarce the breath
 Of summer drieth April's rain ?

A morn in May ! a morn in June !
 How gay are all the fields and slopes !
 But, ah ! how soon—how very soon
 Is gone their beauty rich with hopes !
 Like morning dew
 That fades from view,
 We know how fleeting are our hopes.

A few short days of deep sky-blue ;
 A few short days of glorious sun ;
 And days like Eden's—ah ! how few !—
 And all our summer's joy is done—
 Over and done,
 When scarce begun—
 The summer's past—its sands are run !

And thus the flowers—sweet drops of rain—
 That spring from out the sods we tread,
 Clad in the beauty naught can stain—
 Nature's own richest banquet spread—
 Are stolen away,
 And night, not day,
 Hath over fair Flora gathered.

O flowers most sweet ! O beauty rare !
 What are the fields without thy smile ?
 Em'rald they are, and passing fair ;
 But, ah ! they miss you all the while—
 Queen Nature's crown
 Hath tumbled down,
 And she stands powerless to beguile.

Ah ! emerald fields and shady woods,
 And pleasant banks of murmuring streams,
 Thou'rt like fair maids in widows' hoods,
 Bereft of Flora's smiling beams !
 Th' upturned eyes,
 That face the skies,
 When lost to me, no beauty seems.

Ah ! in this life there's something sad ;
 In happiest hours some grief doth steal ;
 Nothing may make us truly glad—
 E'en happiness doth woe reveal.
 The marriage bell
 Can often swell
 The self-same hour with sobbing peal.

"Thy Will be Done."

In sorrow, pain, and agony,
 When all the soul is rent with grief,
 When all things tend to unbelief,
 'Tis *then*, O God ! we raise to Thee
 Thy Son's most glorious Litany—
 "Thy will be done."

When we are like a ship at sea,
 And storms arise on every hand,
 And we are far away from land,
 'Tis then, O God ! most blessed to be
 Able to say *that* Litany—
 “Thy will be done.”

When those most dear to us shall be
 Numbered upon the earth no more,
 Treading Eternity's dark shore,
 With tear-dimmed eyes we say to Thee
 That requiem *pæan* Litany—
 “Thy will be done.”

When father, mother, we shall see
 Descending to the grave's dark night,
 Which sun or moon no more shall light,
 Through Christ our prayer shall upward flee
 In the sweet Litany—
 “Thy will be done.”

When cold, disease, and poverty,
 And all the ills of this poor life,
 Shall leave the soul and flesh in strife,
 'Tis *then*, O God ! to Thee we'll flee
 With our soul-uttered Litany—
 “Thy will be done.”

When slander's venom bitterly
 Shall poison all life's spring within,
 Oh ! keep us, Thou, from coward sin,
 And let us not poor traitors be
 To Thee and Thy sweet Litany—
 “Thy will be done.”

When on the bed of death we see
 The grave fast opening to entomb—
 Its portals full of fear and gloom—
 Oh ! that we may but say to Thee,
 In a heart-whispered Litany—
 “Thy will be done.”

When this bright world no more shall be
 Unto our eyes in blinding death,
 May the last utterance of our breath
 Ascend, O God ! O God ! to Thee,
 In a saved sinner's Litany—
 "Thy will be done."

Death.

Death ! what is it ? 'Tis the end
 Of mortality, of dying,
 And of three score years and ten,
 Full of fightings and of longings.
 'Tis the end of aspirations ;
 'Tis the end of all our yearnings ;
 'Tis the bourne whence returneth
 Nothing—nothing—evermore.

Death ! what is it ? 'Tis the cradle
 Where humanity long sleepeth—
 Where humanity reposeeth,
 As in infancy it slumbered
 In the bosom that protected,
 Near the heart that fondly beat,
 'Neath the loving smiles that beamed
 From a mother that adored.

Death ! what is it ? 'Tis a river—
 'Tis a deep and sullen river ;
 'Tis a dark and joyless passage,
 And it leadeth to the shore
 Of eternity, the awful ;
 Of eternity, mysterious ;
 Of eternity, the dreaded ;
 And we knoweth nothing more.

Death ! what is it ? 'Tis the sobbing
 Of some broken heart bereaved,
 Sobbing wildly as the earth-clods
 Fall upon the coffined dead ;

And the sound is as the breaking—
 Breaking up and utter breaking—
 Of the home the dead once lighted
 By the beams of love he shed.

Death ! what is it ? 'Tis a darkness—
 'Tis a weary, weary darkness ;
 'Tis a darkness all Egyptian ;
 'Tis the darkness of the grave ;
 And there is no sun to light it,
 No sunbeams to ever brighten,
 No sweet moon and silver star-beams—
 Darkness piteous as the grave.

Death ! what is it ? 'Tis the portal—
 'Tis the portal that admitted—
 That admitted that bright essence
 Called the Soul, to life eternal—
 To unending—never ending—
 Strange, sublime, immortal glories—
 To God's presence and His angels,
 And to happiness supernal.

A Mother Crieth.

A mother crieth where children lieth,
 Covered o'er in earthly mould,
 'Neath flowers blowing and grasses growing ;—
 Mother's love can ne'er grow cold.

A mother weepeth—the children sleepeth,
 Lying low beneath the sod ;
 They hear no sobbing, feel no heart-throbbing—
 Mother, they are with their God.

A mother seeketh, with heart that breaketh,
 For her babies—babies dear.
 She cannot render to Him, the Sender,
 Back again—a God of Fear !

So she feeleth, and wildly appealeth,
 Kneeling there with streaming eyes
 By her loved ones' urn—"O Thou ! return
 Babies mine from out the skies."

Thus she crieth, but the children lieth
 Sleeping there so peacefully,
 And o'er their sleeping angels are keeping
 Watch and ward for Thee—for Thee.

The Sea.

The Sea ! the Sea ! the glorious Sea !
 The ever-sounding, boundless Sea !
 Oh ! how I love
 All else above
 The grandeur in its mighty roar,
 As fierce it charges on the shore—
 The glorious Sea !

The Sea ! the Sea ! the eternal Sea !—
 Its wide expanse so proud and free !
 A heart of pride
 Would joy to ride
 On the billows tumultuously.
 Oh ! 'twere grand to battle with Thee,
 Eternal Sea !

The Sea ! the Sea ! the grand old Sea !
 With its voice of antiquity !
 It seems to me
 It ceaselessly
 Strives to tell of the days of yore,
 When first it wooed the infant shore—
 The grand old Sea !

The Sea ! the Sea ! the mighty Sea !—
 Meet emblem of immensity !
 From Pole to Pole
 Its endless roll

Pulses and beats—a litany—
 An organ played by Deity—
 The mighty Sea !

The Sea ! the Sea ! the conquering Sea !—
 Victorious ever—unruled by *thee*,
 O mortal man !
 Thy triumphs can
 Never, never enslave the free
 That exist in proud liberty—
 The conquering Sea !

The Sea ! the Sea ! the joyous Sea !
 I love its voice so blithe to me.
 It sings of shells,
 And sweetly tells
 Of coral caves and Tropic isles,
 Where heaven, and earth, and sea are smiles—
 The joyous Sea !

The Sea ! the Sea ! the mourning Sea !
 I weep when I hear it plaintively
 Bemoan the crew,
 In waters blue,
 With gallant barque, all gone to be
 Ghosts in the caverns, O Sea ! of thee—
 Thou mourning Sea !

Only a Letter.

(Found in a Drawer.)

Only a Letter !—
 Tattered and torn,
 Useless, forlorn,
 And of all beauty shorn !

Only a Letter !—
 Mildewed, moth-eaten,
 And by Time beaten !

Only a Letter !

Words of the solemn dead—
How can we read aright,
 By the pale ghostly light,
 Of the long past and gone,
 With the dead years among,
 All that the *writer* said—
 All that the *writer* felt,
 As the fond words were spelt
 Forth from the loving heart
 To the one far apart?—
 Words full of melody :
 From a heart's roundelay,
 Gushing from off the strings
 In a heart-burst that springs
 But from a harp that sings,
 Played by a master's hand—
 Strung by a loving band !

Only a Letter !

Low lies the heart and head,
 Down with the quiet dead—
 Grass-grown, moss-covered-over, and finished—
Thus is the story said.

A Song of the Heart.

(*For Music.*)

To the heart of *mine own one* I sing me a song—
 A song that but echoes the blithe melody
 That my soul is rehearsing through the lone hours long,
 On *that* harp which responsively thrills but to *me*.

And the *words* of my song have an utterance deep,
 For they lie all unborn in the pulse of my heart ;
 And the *music* is beating both awake and asleep—
 As the air that I breathe, we can't live apart.

Such music ! such melody !—charming to hear,
 But infinitely sweeter to have in the soul ;

As, steeped in its beauty, I painfully fear
That aught shall dispel the wild bliss of the whole.

In the watches of night—in the rounds of the day—
In the hours of pain and the moments of pleasure—
In the darkness of sorrow—I have but to play,
And my lyre responds with its exquisite measure.

Oh ! tell me, my soul, is this music divine,
In its beauty and joy, in its symphony clear,
But a trace of *that* heaven in our dreams we entwine
With the *thought* of an end to the sob and the tear.

Or is it—*oh ! is it*—the love that we bear
To another poor mortal, as I to mine own,
That gives us a vision, as pure as it's rare,
Of *that* Paradise angels inhabit alone ?

To Ireland.

(From her Exiles afar and anear.)

Ireland, dear Ireland !
Land of woes and sorrows !
Isle made up of smiles and tears,
And of dark to-morrows !
In thy story we but see
Hopes betrayed,
Yearnings laid,
Proud pulsations quick dismayed—
Such is all thy history !

Ireland, dear Ireland !
Isle amidst the ocean,
Tempest-tost and buffeted
By the wild commotion !
Like a mermaid, sure, you seem
From the caves,
'Neath the waves,
Floating, swan-like, o'er the graves—
Graves entombing hopes that beam.

Ireland, dear Ireland !

In emerald beauty drest—
 Fairest of all ocean homes,
 And island of the blest !
 No wonder our hearts do burn,
 Spite the fear,
 Blinding tear
 In our eyes that aye appear,
 With heart-longings to return.

Ireland, dear Ireland !

A rainbow, sure, you seem—
 Many-tinted, beautiful,
 And to thy sons—a dream.
 Sorrows all will soon give way
 'Fore the ray
 Of the day
 Now uprising in its sway,
 To enlighten *thee* alway !

Ireland, dear Ireland !—

The land of bard and chief—
 Home of minstrelsy and love,
 And of the triple leaf !
 Mild religion, sure, hath beamed
 Like a light
 In the sight
 Of the world, glorious bright,
 From thy shores, and widely streamed.

Ireland, dear Ireland !

Isle of wit and knowledge !
 Home of learning from all time !
 Sacred school and college !
 High that glorious light burned
 Far and wide
 O'er the tide,
 In its beauty and its pride,
 Till the dark to light returned.

Ireland, dear Ireland !

See the "Sunburst" slowly rise,
Gorgeous, beautiful, divine,
And lighting up the skies.

Proud the day and proud the hour,

As unfold—

Joy untold !—

The proud banner we uphold,
In its beauty and its power.

Proud the day and proud the hour

When, Erin, we see thee
Rising grandly from thy sleep—

From chains and slavery
That confine thee to the dust.

Hearts shall bound

At the sound

Of the "bugle-notes" that wound—
Shall proclaim thy longed "Sunburst."

Mrs. Rourke.

Once I loved a pretty maid,

Clad in beauty's witchery.

She with love was all afraid ;

I was bound by gramarye—

Could not speak—

Could not break

Through the spell that, with surprise,

Held me dumb beneath her eyes !

She was tall and she was fair ;

She had eyes were like the sloes ;

But a wicked gleam was there,

Though you might not it suppose.

Oftentimes,

Like the chimes

One hears ringing in a dream,

I can see that wicked gleam.

She had hair was like a pall,
 Or a thundercloud at night ;
 When she let it, flowing, fall,
 She was hidden from my sight—
 She was hid
 All amid

Those black tresses, as a cloud
 Hides the moon beneath its shroud.

Then her voice was as the song
 Of a throstle in the brake—
 Clear as right is aye from wrong—
 Sweet as music that you take
 In your heart,
 Ne'er to part,
 From a mother's lips, when ye
 Are but children on her knee.

When she walked she was a queen,
 In her own sweet right divine !
 Light as air-bells on the green
 Went she, with a motion fine.
 Daisies, grass,
 Felt her pass
 O'er them as a zephyr might,
 With a trembling of delight.

All the lads were wild for her—
 All the colleens envious.
 Oh ! 'twas *we* that made the stir
 When, on summer evenings, thus,
 Hand-in-hand,
 (Ah ! 'twas grand !)
 Down the breen we strolled,
 Nor cared how life around us rolled.

Mary ! Mary !—Mrs. Rourke !—
 Well I know the farm and cows
 Better are than poor Pat Bourke,
 Whom to once you made your vows.

Farmer's wife !
 May your life
 Have of happiness its fill,
 Free from every care and ill !

Beautiful Things.

An infant sleeping—is aught more sweet ?
 Where is the rest
 Than it more blest ?
 Innocent, happy, its heart-throbs beat
In peace !

A mother o'er a cradle dreaming,
 Her child sleeping
 In love's keeping ;
 Transfigured her face with joy beaming—
Such joy !

A maiden fair with her heart taken—
 In prison thrown
 By *him*, her own ;
 And *he* hath not—hath not forsaken
His queen !

A youth, with manhood's pride uplifted
 To eager view—
 All nature, too,
 Hath glory which his eyes have gifted—
Untrue !

A man giving his vows to cherish
 And love for life
 His true, true wife,
 Till, in the grave, the vows shall perish—
Hearts, too !

A man with hair of the driven snow,
 And four-score years
 Of smiles and tears,
 Waiting God's will, and the dark grave low,
To sleep !

Children's graves, with wild flowers blooming
 Through soft grass green,
 O'er those who've been
 Fond mothers' idols—God, *thus* dooming,
Bless Thee!

Bless Thee! for these sweet ones rescuing
 From life's river.
 Oh! deliver
 All those that now dwell in sin-doing,
We pray!

Thee.

On Barrow's Banks I love to wander,
 'Neath the walls of ancient Lea,
 And by the meadows sweet, to ponder
 O'er my happiness and *Thee*—

O'er my happiness and *Thee*, love,
 In the love you bear to me.
 Nothing, sure, can sweeter be, love,
 Than the thoughts that flee to *Thee*.

As I wander by the water,
 I can fancy that I see,
 In its quiet, rippling laughter,
 A faint image, love, of *Thee*.

And the fair and tender lily
 A reminder is to me
 Of *another*—ah! to Willie,
 Love, *that other* is but *Thee*.

And the meadow sweet, so fragrant,
 And the busy, murmuring bee,
 With his song of flowers fragrant,
 Both remind me, love, of *Thee*.

The "forget-me-not," so blue—
 I can never fail to see
 In its modesty but you—
 In its beauty, love, but *Thee*.

O ye bonny banks and braes !
 O ye ancient walls of Lea,
 Trembling with your weight of days !
 Can you tell me—can there *be*

In this world such happiness,
 And such love so pure and free,
As is mine—with *her* to bless—
 In devotion all to *me* ?

Did a mortal ever love,
 Since the sun shone down to see,
 Like the love—this world above—
 That I bear, my own, to *Thee* !

For thine heart is mine alone,
 And thy hand—it soon will be ;
 And I'll have thee all my own,
 As I belong to *Thee*.

Do you wonder, then, I can,
 'Neath the ivy walls of Lea,
 Wander lonely but to plan,
 In my happiness, for *Thee* ?

My Moss-Rose.

My Bessie is a sweet moss-rose ;
 A tender, winsome, dear moss-rose ;
 A fragrant, rare, complete moss-rose,
 That grows upon the thorn alone—
 A queen of regal right—her own—
 That brooks no rival to the throne.
 Her beauty is but half to view ;
 For, like a young rose, budding yet,

All covered with the morning dew,
 And, from sun-kisses, tearful—wet,
 She waits the noon-day's ardent shine,
 To bloom and blossom as the vine.
 And, oh ! such beauty you'll forget
 When you forget all beauty bright !
 And this sweet rose—this virgin rose ;
 This flower of flowers—my garden's pride ;
 My joy, my treasure, my delight—
 For me—*for me* in fragrance blows,
 And is to be my cherished bride.

Faith.

Here comes a maid—a glorious vestal maid—
 And one right queenly in her mien ;
 And round her beauteous head is seen
 The glory of a hallowed shade ;
 And in both hands, with reverent care,
 A lamp—a golden lamp—doth bare,
 On which her eyes are fix'dly turned,
 Bright as the light that in it burned
 Wondrously beautiful and clear,
 On which *our* eyes might scarcely look,
 And not its brilliancy brook,
 As when we gaze upon the sun.
 The Maid is *Faith*—with holy fear
 She carries *that*, which lost, the maid were all undone.

Sighs.

Sighs !—What are they ? Bubbles floating
 On the mill-race of the heart—
 Buoys of danger in life's boating—
 In life's voyage. Streams may part
 (Though one fountain did them start) ;
 Streams may join and flow together,
 Calm and swiftly to their sea—
 To their vast eternity ;

But nor summer time and weather—
 Zephyrs kind and azure skies,
 Or verdurous banks where beauty lies—
 Man's sad heart, when voyaging
 To its winter from its spring,
 Can release from tears and sighs.

Judy Magan.

Sweet Judy Magan ! how me heart is repating
 The fond words of love that you once spoke to me !
 They're as green as the bushes,
 Whin uproarious wid thrushes
 And other song-birds in the toime of their mating—
 Sure I'm a cock-linnet whin thinking of thee ;
 Though me voice has a thrimble
 When it bursts into singing through pausing on thee—
 Flahoolagh Magan !

There's goirls in Ulster, an' Munster, an' Connaught,
 And some, as I'm tould, faix, beyant the deep say ;
 There's black ones an' white ones,
 An' dark ones, an' light ones,
 An' some which are naythur, I hear so, in troth !
 But Leinsther, me darlint, it's aisy they may
 To thee knuckle down ;
 For all goirls to thine is as water to tay—
 Leinsther aboo !

Now, in Leinsther the perfect one corner's the Queen—
 Queen's County, I mane—sure the top of 'em all ;
 And the principal gim
 In this Queen's diadim
 Is famed Coolatoothe, near Corrig the green ;
 And the splindid'st diamond—you a diamond might call—
 A rale Irish beauty—
 Was *she* that was lording it over it all—
 Miss Judy Magan !

Och ! me sowl dies within me whin I think of the trayson
 That purtinds for to rob her of all that's her own—
 The sweet, purty graces
 Her four bones embraces,
 And that lave the poor ribils without e'er a rayson
 Or right in the world but to grumble and moan,
 That she's not their Sheelah,
 And they're not the chaps to possess her alone—
 O Judy Magan !

Her beauty surpasses the bist of description—
 'Tis not made for singing, but only to hum ;
 But the beautifulest red
 Is the hair on her head,
 An' her nose is quite nate for to write an inscription,
 'Tis so sharp in the point whin her faytures are glum.
 Then her eyes are so quare,
 Yez niver can tell whin the two are most rum—
 Betwixt and between.

Me heart dies within me whin she comes anear me,
 An' keeps thumping and rowling like the devil's tattoo.
 'Neath the glance of her eye
 I'm most ready to die—
 Faix, to see me you'd think I was after a spree ;
 An' *whin* she houlds out her hand and says, "How d'ye do?"
 I sit down wid the fright,
 An' can no more act genteel than if I wor you
 In place of mysel' !

Och ! Judy, you crayture ! 'tis you that's the filly—
 The sportive young filly it is that you are.
 Your age is no weight,
 Though at laste thirty-eight,
 An' your conscience is aisy an' as white as a lily ;
 Though they *do* say you thrimble when ould Father Meagher
 Has you up for repintince—
 'Tis *thin*, faix, you look like a rale fallen star,
 And *not* Judy Magan !



The Merciful.

God, who knows
 How a rose
 Bloometh fair and bloometh free
 In Sahara's sandy sea,
 Will not still—
 Will not kill
 Thoughts that flow
 With each throe
 From the heart—
 Each a part
 Of the roll
 Of the toll
 Of a soul
 In its sobs,
 In its throbs,
 In its fears
 And its tears,

As in agony it cries,
 With bewailings and with sighs,
 To the Lord enthroned in skies,
 To have mercy ere it flies
 From its tabernacle here—
 From its pilgrimage of fear ;
 From its vale of woe and pain,
 Where it never might remain ;
 From its earth's obscurity
 To Thine light and purity ;
 From cold, want, and poverty,
 Up to heaven and to Thee ;
 From a death-triumphant shore
 To where dying is no more.

Let us be
 Near to Thee
 In that hour,
 When the power
 And the might,
 And the night

Of man's foe,
Full of woe,
Overshadows with its wings.

Well the soul that round Thee flingeth
All its tendrils, Lord, and clingeth !

Daisies.

Oh ! where are all the daisies—
The gentle, bright-eyed daisies—
The sweetest flowers that e'er the showers,
And sunbeams, too, with all their powers,
Gave to the spring-tide breezes ?
The mazes
And flower-gemmed walks yon garden yields
Contain naught sweeter than the fields
When carpeted with daisies—
White-tipped, pink-tipped, golden-bosomed daisies !

In childhood's day,
Where was the joy like *that* we knew,
When, on the sunny slopes to play,
From school we nearly flew,
And with loved friends of youthful years—
Of years when we knew not real tears—
We frolicked hours away,
And played with daisies bright and gay—
Flowers the dearest of the May !
We bought and sold with them for gold,
And silver, too, that ne'er grew old.
We played at "shop," and merchants were,
With merchandise from every fair.
Jewellers, we, with strings of pearls,
Fit for the necks of fairest girls—
Diamonds, rubies, emeralds green,
Worth all the ransom of a queen ;
Necklets, garlands, chains of beauty,
Sold and resold, or seized as "booty "

By the possessor of some doll,
 Who oped its eyes and wanted "toll!"
 Or we gathered in heaps the flow'rs,
 And drowned each other with them in show'rs—
 But why recount? Those days of yore
 Are passed and gone for evermore.
 In life's wild whirl we scarcely know
 Even the time when daisies blow.
 No time have we to fond recline,
 And twine them, as we once did twine,
 Into bright garlands full of bloom,
 That lasted till the evening's gloom—
 Nor sleep to dream that morrow's view
 Would have its feast of daisies, too.

Then, where are all the daisies—

The gentle, bright-eyed daisies?
 The sweetest flowers that e'er the showers,
 And sunbeams, too, with all their powers,

Bring forth, are simple daisies—
 The flowers I love all else above—
 The happy, meek-eyed daisies.
 And when I'm low within my grave,
 I only hope that o'er me wave,
 Free in the breeze their gold and white,
 Bathed within the sun's love-light,

A company of daisies,
 Whose bloom shall be my only tomb,
 And who shall tell each passer-by
 That as they bloom to fade and die,
 And spring again renewed to live—
 So shall the mortal beneath them lying
 Arise one day to no more dying,
 And death and grave the victory give
 To immortality.

And thus my grave shall speak for me

When carpeted with daisies—
 White-tipped, pink-tipped, golden-bosomed daisies!



Requiescat in Pace.

Requiescat in pace! How sweet the words !
 How calm the music that in them lies !—
 Music from the depths of far, far skies—
 Echoes from heaven and angel chords.

Requiescat in pace! There's no despair
 In words triumphant. The dead hear not
 The sad, fond prayer. *Shall* they be forgot?
 Ah, no ! we shall soon be with them there.

Requiescat in pace! " Arise ! arise !"—
 The words say to me—" soul of the dead.
 Quit the dark grave lone, and, spirit-led,
 Ascend to the ever-glorious skies."

Requiescat in pace! Poor mortal, clad
 Round with corruption and with shame,
 Rest thee ! oh ! rest in the Triune's Name !—
 Morning is coming to make thee glad.

Requiescat in pace! Yes, rest, thou blest !
 Death is the victor for only now.
 Soon shall the dread seal from off thy brow
 Be broken for ever—rest ! oh, rest !

Requiescat in pace! The gloomy knell
 Pealing o'er the grave is only true
 In that it ringeth adieu, adieu—
 In that it speaketh farewell, farewell.

But well we knoweth adieu, adieu,
 Is but a parting of years—of days.
 The day is coming when we shall praise,
 United for ever, Him we view—

The God of peace and the God of rest ;
 The God of living and of the dead,
 Who life and death hath for ever wed,
 Till Sundered *by* Him, *in* Him most blest.

Yes, *rest in peace!* till the grave shall give
 Up to the harvest its garnered store—
 To rest, to rest, and to weep no more
 In the joy, the bliss, that endless live.

Requiescat in pace! The trembling air
 Echoes to our heart-strung melody—
 A psalm of hope, God, to Thee, to Thee—
 Poor mortals' soul-uttered prayer of prayer!

Moonlight.

The moon has risen—in form a shield;
 Her full, round orb is wondrous fair;
 'Tis like a silver disc up there,
 That a weird, elfish light doth yield.

It is a lamp—the lamp of even—
 Shedding its radiance from above;
 One might imagine it God's love,
 Beaming from gates ajar in heaven.

There is a halo mellowing
 All things within its influence.
 Light of the moon! one's every sense
 Owneth the magic thou canst fling.

There is a joy, a peace, a bliss,
 A beauty which cannot be expressed
 In such an hour—an hour thrice blessed—
 An hour, O lady moon! like this.

Light of the moon!—so fair! so sweet!—
 When can the kingly orb of day
 Own such a blissful, holy sway,
 As thou, o'er human hearts that beat?

Light of the moon!—bright fairy beam!—
 What light can two fond hearts entwine?
 What light but thine!—what light but thine!—
 Light of true love, as of a dream!

Light of the moon ! Thy beauteous smile,
 When seen in some cathedral,
 Each marble tomb and sculpture shall
 Reflect thy peace within the aisle.

Light of the moon ! Each graveyard sad—
 Sad and alone with treasured dead—
 Shall, in my eyes, lose all its dread,
 And, in thy ray, appear as glad.

Thou bringest quiet, reverent peace
 Down on all things, both great and small—
 Not even a bird-note's tiny call
 Intrudes upon the day's decease.

O moon ! so gentle and so bright !
 O sovereign of the skies at night !
 I thank thee for that fairy sight—
 Thy lovely, crystal, peaceful light.

A Welcome.

Hail ! gentle Spring !

Mother of all the seasons, pacing slow,
 Yet hard, upon the van of winter's snow.
 Hail ! hail ! all hail ! Oh ! haste and fling
 O'er Nature's crouching forms thy mantle, wove
 With all the varied hues and skeins of green,
 That culminate in *that* the birds do love,
 As everything that lives—the blithesome sheen
 Of budding plants, and trees, and gentle flowers,
 And all the elasticity of life renewed
 (Begot of former suns and fostering showers,
 What time the old year was with lust endured).
 Oh ! is there aught on earth can show
 A prospect half so full of all that's sweet,
 As some lone country lane where, lo !
 On either side the greeting branches meet
 In full embrace ? The trees themselves,
 Enveloped thick with ivy and woodbine,

Seem as gigantic, monstrous forest elves
 Engaged in mortal combat. As they twine,
 The glinting sunbeams down betwixt them glance,
 As though good spirits, in a vain endeavour,
 Fought hopefully, with love-winged lance,
 Within the tournament, the combatants to sever
 (Like good and evil combating for ever).
 Low at their feet the primrose' yellow hue,
 Its honest disc all gorgeous in its bloom ;
 Hard by—twin comrades, one might say—the blue
 And fragrant violet, whose sweet perfume
 Goes swimming on the kisses of the breeze ;
 And many another perfume—dowered bride,
 Whose beauties need but gathering to please—
 Full meet to grace the bridal-bed and side
 Of *Him*—the odorous monarch of the flowers—
 If such a potentate exists amongst the Powers.

Beauty.

A tiny winsome flower there grew
 Hard by a rippling stream ;
 Innocent, beautiful, it blew—
 A flow'et of a dream !
 And from the waters smiled at you,
 Clear-imaged, till 'twould seem
 The *real* was not my flow'et fair,
 But *it* thus mirrored there.

The bee, enraptured, sought to wile
 Some favours from its love,
 And strove they hard each to beguile—
 'Twere vain my flow'et strove.
 The robber took his fill of spoil,
 And winged his flight above,
 Singing a merry roundelay
 Of beauteous flowers of May.

The lark, arising from its banks,
 Hung silent in the air,
 'Fore it began its matin "*thanks*,"—
 Its stream of glorious "*prayer*"—

Hung poised o'er flowers in their ranks,
 And *one*, the fairest there—
 Its genius, joy—and thence on high
 With music stormed the sky.

The breeze—the rustling, whisp'ring breeze—
 Played round my flow'ret, too,
 And strove the coy one thus to please,
 And made a pleasant woo—
 Impatient, lover-like, to seize
 The beauties, *that* to view
 Were guerdon meet for mortal eyes,
 To fill them with surprise.

The minnows, in their crystal home,
 Played round the imaged fair,
 And wished not down the stream to roam
 While it were visioned there.
 Like gold-fish in a glassy dome,
 They wandered not, but were
 Content to worship beauty bright—
 A vision of delight !

And I, myself, was tempted, too,
 To gather to my breast
 The blushing fair one *that* to view
 Was full of quiet rest ;
 But, *ah* ! I could not thus undo
 The bee's romantic quest,
 Nor rob the singer of the sky
 Of that he sang on high.

Mar.

'Twas night.

The pale, sad moon's uncertain beam
 Came ghastly through the scurrying clouds,
 That, like vast moving armies, marched
 In wild campaign across the skies—
 Almost in serried columns, too,

With here and there an interval
 That gave the lady moon a space
 To shed a light upon the scene,
 That else were gloominess and dread,
 And wild confusion utterly.

A fitful wind,
 That in its youthful vigour told
 The story of the coming storm,
 Went wailing through the sickly night,
 And made the weird more weird
 With wild and throbbing threnody—
 Now rising like a battle-cry,
 And then so low as scarcely heard,
 Entreating despairingly—
 Beseeching of the hand that played,
 Why it compelled it thus to play,
 And fright the solemn hours of night.

I stood alone
 Upon a mountain-top, that gave
 A landmark to a country wide,
 And seemed the fitting place to be
 To scan the present and the past,
 And peer into futurity.
 I chose it as an altar free—
 An altar undefiled and pure—
 Fresh with the breezes of high heaven,
 And Nature's breath on every stone—
 On every leaf and tender twig—
 A fitting temple where to pray,
 And win one hour from the world—
 Its prides, and vanities, and cares,
 That swift corrode both heart and soul.

'Twas silence all,
 Save now and then a night-bird woke
 The ear to its foreboding cry.
 A few poor stunted pines that grew
 Around the tonsure of the head,
 Gave forth a rustling from the leaves,

And a sad sighing, musical,
 As though in concert with the wind.
 It was a wild, an eerie thing ;
 It was a weird and awesome spot.
 The hour was *One*, and I away—
 Far, far away from human kind.
 With Nature I was all alone—
 To think, to dream, to moralize—
 To muse upon life's flitting span,
 Upon its vast uncertainty,
 And all its dread obscurity.

As thus I mused,
 A change came stealing o'er the night—
 Phantasmagoria of a dream—
 For thus it seemed to me, indeed.
 I know not if awake—asleep ;
 But that all seemed reality,
 And graved itself upon my mind
 With lasting force intensity.

Methought there stood
 Beside me on the mountain-top
 (Bold Corrig's Head, all wrapped in gloom),
 A figure—sombre, terrible,
 And full of loathsomeness and dread.
 It saw me not—at least I thought—
 But stood unconscious as the dead.
 Its face was settled on the clouds—
 The panorama of the skies—
 That passed in wild review above.
 Its height was great—I could not tell,
 For it seemed changing as the scene,
 And never similar did seem.
 The bones stood jagged out and bare,
 Like a huge skeleton, and grim.
 The head was nothing but a skull,
 And had a monstrous horrid grin ;
 The eyes were holes or caverns grim,
 In which the very bats might hide,
 Nor ever fear the rising sun.

A cloak was o'er the shoulders thrown—
 A blood-red garment, fresh and warm—
 As torn from the reeking flesh
 Of some poor, hapless living thing.
 The arms were long and venomous ;
 The hands, like snakes, were crawling things—
 Fit instruments to work a deed
 'Fore which all Nature, shivering, weeps,
 And shames the stars to shine upon.
 The left, within its fingers gaunt,
 High, high aloft a red brand bore,
 That sent hot sparks in showers down,
 And, fleeing, swept along the breeze.
 The right, a double-edged and keen,
 Long, glittering, heavy sword did hold,
 And worked convulsively at times,
 As itching to be raised to smite.
 A banner lay upon the ground,
 Enfolded round the giant's feet
 With Rapine—Slaughter—Famine—Death—
 And all the sins and ills of life
 Written thereon in bloody print—
 Each letter 'twined with maidens' hair,
 And infants' brains bespattered o'er.
 'Twas then I knew, before it flew,
 With one fierce eldrich screech, away,
 I viewed the hell-born spectre—*War!*

An Elegy.

(Written in the Ruins of Lea Castle.)

Those grand old Ruins of the land
 In every vale—on every hill ;
 Like sentinels of Time they stand,
 And lend to us poetic thrill.

What gay romance—what poetry—
 Surrounds their ivied walls, so old,
 Bound in a setting that we see
 Enhances all their story bold.

Yon castle of some chieftain brave—
 The terror of a barony ;
 His lordship long is in his grave,
 And bats and owls are castle free.

Yon palace of some Prince of Eld,
 But scarcely known to history—
 Thine walls the pageant often held,
 Though now pale ghosts inhabit thee !

Fierce fort and rath of Danish name,
 Bloodstained as thine master's hands,
 How oftentimes didst the "Raven"* flame
 In flight from thee to distand lands !

The ancient abbey, whose sacred fane
 One time re-echoed to the hymn,
 Now echoes to the beating rain—
 Its glories all in ruin dim.

The convent, too, whose quiet shade
 Was once religion's loved abode,
 Hath ravished been by plough and spade,
 And sacrilege hath wanton trode.

And ye, Round Towers of quaint design,
 With purport lost beyond our ken—
 What scenes—what ages—have been thine !—
 Thine infancy we know not when.

And proud cathedrals beautiful,
 With glorious spires pointing high ;
Now crumbling walls bid Fancy cull,
 And make the saddened heart to sigh.

The grandest, noblest works of man
 Are, as we see, but fleeting dreams—
 Piled stone on stone. He never can—
 Ah ! never while the sun his beams

* The "Raven"—the war insignia of the Danes.

Sheds down upon our world below—
 Endue with *what's* not e'en his own.
 He never, never can bestow
That. But Omnipotence alone

Immortal life—ne'er-ending days—
 The great prerogative Divine—
 Can give ; yea, even those bright rays,
 Life-giving, which, O Sun ! are thine.

Proud monuments no more they are,
 Above the vault and humble sod—
In memoriam to the souls afar,
 We trust rejoicing in their God.

And dust they are, as man is dust,
 And crumbling ruin o'ertakes them all.
 Decay and death, in judgment just,
 On man and his doth sure befall.

Sure, after all, they're but a grave
 To hide away the cunning hand ;
 Their builder's name they scarcely leave—
 Those grand old Ruins of the land.

“ M E. M.”

I wonder do you *ever* think of me,
 As fast the years successive quickly run
 Onward and onward, till our poor lives are done,
 And we are low, where thinking cannot be,
 And o'er our heads the daisies bloometh free ?

I wonder do you *ever* mind the time—
 So long ago it seemeth now a dream,
 With naught but memories that loving teem—
 When we were chosen friends ?—A rhyme—
 A pleasant rhyme those days—a joyous chime !

I wonder do you *ever* think of words—
 Of words I uttered in thine list'ning ears ;
 Of words that brought both smiles and tears—

When we were younger than we are, and chords
Vibrated in our hearts, and brought most sweet awards?

I wonder do you *ever* dream of *when*
We planned and visioned for futurity—
Of days which were to come in surety—
When we would ever happy be, and ken
Nothing of life's sad ills which were not then?

I wonder—oh ! I wonder, dearest friend,
If in this weary world we'll meet again,
E'en one moment—hands to shake ; and *then*—
Parted once more—ah ! sure 'twould lend
A halo to the lives we, parted, spend !

I *know* that, for my part, I've ne'er forgot
The old, old days—our happy days of yore—
When *you* and *I* were to each other more
Than even we supposed—Fate's dark lot
Upon our loves' bright page hath made an envious blot.

Hark ! the Bells !

Hark ! hear ye not the bells'
Joy ringing?
Wedding bells ! with glory ringing,
All triumphant in their singing—
Tongues of fire ever swinging
To and fro, and ever bringing
Blissful tidings to the people,
Whom they sing to from their steeple—
Singing how two hearts united ;
Two young hearts with love delighted ;
Two fond hearts as yet unblighted—
Bound together with the blessing
That smiles down on their caressing—
That sheds dew for ever welling
From God's river on their dwelling—
Be that dwelling high or lowly,
Seeks it only to be holy.

Hark ! hear ye not the bells'

Sad ringing ?

Funeral bells ! mourning, mourning
 O'er some mortal's last sojourning
 On the earth—the soul departed—
 On its last dread journey started—
 Earth, with all its pains and pleasures—
 All its joys, and loves, and treasures ;
 All its happiness and glory ;
 All its sad, heroic story ;
 All its beauty—vales and mountains ;
 All its rivers, seas, and fountains ;
 All its partings and its meetings ;
 All its fond farewells and greetings—
 Left behind for ever, ever,
 Through eternity to never—
 Nevermore—for ever, ever—
 Be a soul with a to-morrow
 Beaming on its joy or sorrow
 Once again—or know the joy—
 Human joy, with its alloy.

Sad the bells !—Funeral bells !—
 As their sorrowing echo knells'
 Through the heart's despairing weeping,
 With their loved in death's hard keeping—
 With the coffin-lid nailed over,
 Till the last day shall uncover
 All that knit us to our being—
 Souls within our souls ! unseeing,
 Till the grave hath buried— hidden
 All within its depths unbidden,
 Ignorant the wild affection,
 Till become a recollection.

Sad the bells !—Sobbing bells !
 Pitiful the throbbing bells,
 Wild with agony that tells
 On each suffering heart that swells
 To the mournful threnodies
 E'er ascending to the skies,

With accompaniment of sighs—
 And of wringing tears from eyes—
 Tears !—each one of molten lead,
 Falling on the coffined dead ;
 Sighs !—each one a grave love-mined,
 Where the dead are ever shrined ;
 Hearts !—each one a tombstone, graved
 With inscription—The Bereaved,
 And none other soul might read,
 In its living pathos spread !

Thus the music in the bells—
 Joy and sorrow ever swells !

The Dying Youth.

On a bed of pain he lies—
 Scarce he closeth wearied eyes ;
 Panting, struggling, comes each breath,
 Marking the approach of death.
 From the parting lips there flies
 Upwards, upwards to the skies,
 Scarcely murmur, still a prayer,
 On the quiet, list'ning air—
 "Jesus ! Jesus ! pity me,
 Lying here so lonely !"

O'er his head but few the years—
 Years but few, yet full of tears ;
 Sorrow was his comrade born—
 Never knew he childhood's morn—
 Happy childhood, full of play,
 Bright as morn of summer day !
 Now the live-long night he lies,
 Breathing upward to the skies—
 "Jesus ! tender Jesus ! flee
 Hence to weary, suffering me !"

Never knew he love divine ;
 Never tasted its sweet wine ;

Never knew a soft caress—
 Life for him had naught to bless.
 Skies are blue and sunbeams warm,
 But they have for him no charm.
 Lying on his bed of death,
 Gasping, struggling for each breath,
 Thus he whispers—"What to me
 Life, compared, my God, to *Thee*!

Birds may sing their carols free ;
 Flowers may bloom upon the lea ;
 Waters glance beneath the sun ;
 Streamlets merry races run ;
 Ocean wide may sing its psalm,
 To the weary full of balm ;
 Yet to him *what are* they all,
 As he makes that trembling call—
 "Jesus ! Jesus ! let me be
 Raised but nearer, Lord, to *Thee*?"

Soldiers have a life of pride,
 Though quenched oft in battle's tide ;
 Sailors love the wild refrain
 Of the storm upon the main ;
 Poets love to beauty sing,
 Though to them it nothing bring—
 Ah ! what are beauty, love, and power,
 In death's all-triumphant hour ?
 Better, Lord, one sigh to *Thee*
 In that hour of agony !

Oh ! a bed of pain is bliss
 When it leads to thoughts like this.
 He, poor sinner, lying there,
 Hardly breathing summer air,
 Racked with pain, yet soul on fire,
 Longing for the heavenly choir—
 Yet his aspirations rise
 Up incessant to the skies—
 "Jesus ! Jesus ! think of me,
 Lying here so lonely !"

To My harp.

My harp is now tuneless—the strings they are broken ;
 Its wild voice of sweetness bewitches no more ;
 Through the years of a lifetime its music hath spoken
 With a tongue I shall dream of and ever adore.

Sure it wept in my sorrow and laughed in my gladness ;
 'Twas a friend I could trust with the thoughts of my heart ;
 And I loved it the more for its deep tone of sadness,
 Like a whisper or sigh, which it never could part.

How we loved to commune by the long hour together !
 How we yearned to betray some pet secret we had !
 In the hall of the great—on the lone mountain heather—
 'Twas the bond made our music or saddened or glad.

'Twas the only companion God ever gave to me ;
 'Twas a wife in a wife's fond devotion and beauty ;
 'Twas a friend a long lifetime might never give to thee ;
 'Twas a child in a child's sweet submission and duty.

O my harp !—my dear harp !—sure the music still lingers—
 Still lingers in wailing or joyous refrain,
 As when o'er the strings I swept with my fingers,
 And sang from my heart to your beautiful strain.

O my harp !—my sweet harp !—my loved harp ! how I mourn—
 How I pine for the voice that enlivened me long !
 But thou'rt gone—ah ! thou'rt gone—and I am forlorn ;
 Never more shall I hear thee sweet thrilling in song.

Lines.

*(Written in the picturesque old Burial-ground of Tyr-Eogher, Lea
 Parish, Portarlinton.)*

How lonely is this nook of quiet dead !
 How solitary 'neath the glancing sun !
 The passion and the sorrow now are fled—
 Life's battle is for ever lost or won.

The old man lieth here with head of snow ;
 The young man at his feet, that knew not age ;
 The maiden in her splendrous beauty—lo !
 It saved her not from Death's unpitying rage ;

The mother in her pride of motherhood ;
 The little child that could not live from her ;
 Old neighbours are yet in close neighbourhood—
 They lived anear, and now the grasses stir

Upon their graves beneath the self-same breeze.
 And here the stranger feels no more alone ;
 The poet hears no more the whisp'ring trees ;
 The poor no more do pitifully moan.

The lover here no more with kindling eye
 Shall think of one whose soul was as his own ;
 The scoffer shall his God no more defy—
 He lieth now where scoffing is unknown.

The priest is resting from his labours here—
 He never more shall gather in Christ's sheep—
 He now is gathered in himself, nor fear
 For all his flock shall more disturb his sleep.

The soldier lieth here, who braved the wars—
 Who fought full oft beneath the Eastern sun.
 His honours now, and all his boasted scars,
 Avail him less than life's stern duty done.

The sailor, too, who loved the stormy main—
 Who gloried in the winds and rushing seas—
 No more, no more, his ear shall hear again
 The well-loved storm, or e'en the gentle breeze.

The doctor—proud philosopher, who fought
 With Death in many a hard-contested day—
 Hath conquered been, nor help had he when sought,
 And Death gave little mercy in the fray.

The pedagogue, surrounded by his school,
 No longer guides them with a frowning eye—

No longer uses the once-dreaded "rule"—
 No longer hears the "mitcher's" anxious cry.

Here no more the farmer shall hear the kine
 Lowing from o'er the grass-lands in the eve—
 No more the faithful watch-dog's loving whine—
 The one true tongue in which he could believe.

Tis over now—'tis over now for aye.
 We know not *what* each poor grass hillock's been ;
 But at the last—the last great Judgment Day—
 Well may it be with each poor hillock green !

Rest Thee!

Rest thee, sad heart ! life's trouble's o'er—
 No more the sting of poverty ;
 No more dread cold's sharp misery ;
 No more heart-pain, soul-agony—
 Rest thee !—'tis o'er ! 'tis o'er !—
Sleep Thou !

Rest thee, weak heart ! the storm is past—
 The thunder-clouds are flown away.
 Sheltered within the grave's deep bay,
 No more 'tis night for thee, but day !
 Rest thee !—'tis o'er at last—
Sleep now.

Rest thee, meek heart ! the world's alarms—
 Virtue assailed and vice enthroned ;
 God's spouse, Religion, mocked—disowned ;
 Hearts brimming love, despised and stoned—
 From these the grave hath charms
To shield.

Rest thee, fond heart ! sweet heart ! sweet heart !
 Death hath achieved a triumph now—
 One of God's diamonds on His brow
 Sparkles in beauty—it is thou !
 Blind to its loss, the world could part
With thee !

O Death, have mercy ! she is thine—
 One of God's chosen in thy pow'r,
 Trustfully sleeping till that hour
 When, an immortal heavenly flow'r,
 She in thy Master's garden shall shine
Through thee.

O Grave, be tender ! daisies, grow !
 Wild flowers, bloom ! and cover o'er
 All the green hillock, till no more
 It seems a grave ! songsters, your store
 Of music spill ! sweet breezes, blow
Her requiem !

Rest thee, loved heart !—'tis o'er, 'tis o'er—
 No more the sting of poverty ;
 No more cold, hunger, misery ;
 No more heart-pain, soul-agony—
 Rest thee ! oh, rest !—'tis o'er—
Sleep thou !

The Hills.

Away to the hills—the glorious hills
 Of the land of rivers and sparkling rills—
 Purple with heather blooming !
 The land of the breeze with the banshee's cry—
 Of the wild lone depths where the blackcock lie—
 Of cliffs and peaks that can touch the sky,
 And falls with water booming.

Away to the hills—the eternal hills !
 The grand old hills the Creator fills
 With glory for ever beaming !
 Cathedrals there where to worship Him ;
 Convents there with their cloisters dim ;
 Music there, with the sky's broad brim
 A roof for the notes ever streaming.

Away to the hills ! where I love to be—
The only home for the true and free—

Where my soul is wistful turning,
Away from the city's endless strife,
Where guilt, deceit, and death are rife—
Where one scarce knoweth death from life,
Save the ache in one's bosom burning.

Oh ! the hills ! the hills ! the grand old hills !
Full of something which instils
In our breast a joyous wonder !
The mighty depths of the great expanse—
The heather bells in an endless dance—
The cliffs down which 'twere fear to glance,
With their waters churning thunder !

Oh ! the hills ! the hills ! the sublime hills !
The mighty hills the Creator wills
To be His footstool humble !
Where are the thrones on earth so well
Might ask Jehovah there to dwell,
Knit as they are with every spell,
The hardened heart to crumble ?

Where is the church built by mortal hands—
Cathedral that in beauty stands
The glory of a people—
Can equal those gigantic aisles
Whereon sun, and moon, and stars their smiles
Beam ever down, and with loving wiles
Make every crag a steeple ?

Where is the choir that hath the flow—
The flow ethereal, deep and low—
The hill side winds are tuning—
Te Deums grand and Psalms of dread,
Wild wailings for the mountain dead,
Hymns full of joy and sorrow wed,
For ever, ever crooning ?

Oh ! away, away to the glorious hills !
My heart's best blood for ever thrills
With the longings to flee away—

To flee away to that mountain land,
 Where my spirit, pure and free, might stand,
 Grand in itself amidst the grand—
 Oh ! let me flee away !

Aroon ! Aroon !

(For Music.)

Aroon ! aroon ! my colleen dhas !
 Mavourneen of the dark-brown hair !
 My hazel-eyed, sweet Irish lass !
 'Tis *you* that is the colleen fair !
 Aroon ! aroon !
 Mavourneen of the dark-brown hair !

Aroon ! aroon ! my colleen bright !
 Queen of my heart ! thou sovereign dear !
 What were the day to me, or night,
 If thou wert not my smile—my tear ?
 Aroon ! aroon !
 Queen of my heart ! my sovereign dear !

Aroon ! aroon ! my own sweet love !
 Thou fairest of the fair to me !
 May the heavens smile on us above,
 And rain down blessings, love, on *thee* !
 Aroon ! aroon !
 Thou fairest of the fair to me !

Aroon ! aroon ! I have thee now—
 That heart of thine is sure my own ;
 I know it is, and kiss thy brow—
 That beauteous brow—my own alone !
 Aroon ! aroon !
 That heart of thine is sure my own.

Aroon ! aroon ! my colleen bawn !
 Thine eyes are magnets, love, to me,
 And I the needle, ever drawn
 In quivering ecstasy to thee !
 Aroon ! aroon !
 Thine eyes are magnets, love, to me.

Aroon ! aroon ! oh, wirra struah !
 Oh, wirra struah ! what would I do
 If aught should rob me *now* of you,
 And leave me all alone to rue ?
 Aroon ! aroon !
 Oh, wirra struah ! what would I do ?

The Hills.

(Second Part.)

I sang of the hills—the glorious hills !—
 The land of the rushing streams and rills—
 Home of the gath'ring storm !—
 Land where the wind's low eerie cry
 Waits through the night—now low, now high—
 One time a lost spirit's broken sigh—
 Anon of dread alarm !

I sang of the hills—the ancient hills !—
 Home of the spirit that in me thrills—
 Thrills with a holy ardour !
 Home whence my earliest prayers arose !
 Home of my childhood's joys and woes !
 Home where my earthly days may close !—
 Oh ! would I were their warder !

I sang of the hills—the eternal hills !—
 Hills the Creator ever wills
 To be His footstools lowly—
 Hills where each wind seems as a psalm
 Full of a soothing and a balm,
 Filled with an organ's blissful calm,
 Loud with an accent holy !

I sang of the hills—enchanted hills !—
 Hills of Romance, where music spills
 Nature's own harmony,
 Filling each glen with a wild acclaim,

Evermore new, and ever the same,
 Pealing and breathing its Master's name—
 Lord of the hills—of Thee !

Hills of the North ! ye heathery hills !—
 Hills where the purpling blossom fills
 Air's ethereal ocean
 Full of a scent that never dies,
 Breathing of honey and summer skies—
 Breathing of *that* which upward flies—
 Prayer's intense devotion !

Oh ! ye hills of my youth !—ye hills !
 Sweet recollection for ever fills
 Me with a love for ever—
 Heathery slopes and golden vales,
 Summer days and summer gales,
 Winter winds and winter wails—
 Life shall sunder never !

I love the hills !—oh ! I love the hills !
 I passionately love the old, old hills !
 And my bosom responsive thrills
 To the feeling which draws me upward—there
 To dwell in the region of purest air—
 To live—to die—where life is prayer—
 And death is life which fills !

Hills of my love, my faith, my birth !
 Holiest land of holiest earth !
 May, when I come to die,
 Winds from thee be my requiem shrill—
 Flowers from thee their incense spill—
 As in thy bosom I'm lowered, till
 The last dread trumpet's nigh !

Arise !

Arise ! O heart ! arise !
 Look upward to the skies—
 There is thine home.

This earth is but a cell,
 In which thou must not dwell.
 Prisoner, say farewell,
 And come, oh ! come

To regions holy—blest—
 Where thou, poor heart ! may rest
 In love divine.
 Rejoice, we say, rejoice—
 Give thanks with soul-felt voice,
 For Time is yet—the choice
 Is also thine.

Myself.

I feel *alone*—so much—so all alone
 In this queer, struggling, fighting world of ours,
 That oftentimes my heart makes weary moan
 At the slow passing hours.
 In *all* the myriads that around me move,
 I have not *one*—a single soul—to love,
 Nor to love me.
 I know not *how* it is, unless there be
 A *secret* which I have *not* that compels
 Heart unto heart to cleave. Life may flee,
 And o'er my bier the solemn funeral bells
 May make sad melody—
 A melody from worlds where spirits cried—
 "Unloved he lived, and all unloved he died."

Mary Grace.

A tiny grave with daisies covered o'er,
 A pale primrose or two, a cowslip sweet,
 A rose-tree at the foot, a headstone neat,
 A deep blue sky above, and birds' song-lore.

Inscribed upon the stone these piteous words,
 Full of a wailing sadness all their own—
"Thy will be done." Ah ! the bereft alone
 Who speak *such* words know how they cut like swords.

And in another place—'twas wondrous sad—
"Dear Mary Grace," in letters old and quaint,
 Hard to be seen, with mosses rendered faint,
 And, underneath, *"Aged six."* Few years and glad !

Yes, *"glad,"* I say. The modest stone did bear
 Witness to me, in that it also said—
 Oh ! bright the words !—immortal as the dead !—
"She was her mother's joy !" Where now the care—

Where now the ache of heart that one so young—
 A floweret sweet—could thus be taken away ?
 O blind ! ye see not that an infant's day
 Is as a lifetime when some heart hath sung.

And, Mary Grace, your day was more than all
 The whole long life of many an ancient man.
 Angels like *thee* fear nothing past to scan—
 Nothing to blush for—nothing to recall.

"She was her mother's joy !" What more could be
 Writ upon stone or sculptured monument ?
 Oh ! words of gold ! the music of them sent
 A wish, dear Mary, that I were like to thee.

Oh ! when I die, I want not marble tomb
 Nor sepulchre within cathedral tall.
 Give me a grave in sunshine, and I shall
 Wish that wild flowers o'er me may bloom,

And that sweet birds of air may hover near,
 Lending enchantment to my burial scene
 With the wild warblings which in life have been
 The staunch of many a heart-wound—many a tear.

And if a stone should be by love conceived
 As meet to keep all green my memory,
 Then nothing let it bear, save, "*God, to Thee*
My soul I have consigned—in Thee it hath believed."

The Winter is Coming.

The Winter is coming—the Winter is near—
 Dread Winter's approaching—the giant is here ;
 His footsteps are treading o'er everything green ;
 His breath is a frost fast encrusting the scene.
 The trees are now yellow, the leaves are now sere ;
 Their pride and their beauty have fled in their fear.
 The flowers—where are they ? entombed in the shroud
 That hides them from view like a beautiful cloud—
 The first fall of snow ! How it glitters so clear !
 What a pity such beauty begetteth a tear !
 What a pity that purity such as the snow's
 Is the instrument oft of the bitterest woes !

The Winter is coming—the Winter is near—
 The hoary old tyrant is shaking his spear
 O'er valley and highland, o'er cottage and hall.
 Like the genii of story, he tries to appal
 All the fair things of Nature, the birds and the flowers—
 All the offspring of summer, of sunshine and showers.
 The sweet flowers he withers with shame and with tears,
 And the birds' merry singing he stifles with fears ;
 And the trees he disrobes, and the voice of the stream,
 With its rich, rippling croon, is the voice of a dream ;
 And the gay hanging tendrils of climbers, so green,
 Now coldly are imaged 'mid icicles' sheen.

The Winter is coming—the Winter is near—
 How the hearts of the aged and poor quake with fear !
 For Winter to them hath a meaning of pain,
 With its racking of bones, and its snow and its rain.
 Each crystal of snow and each pearl of hail
 Hath a dagger concealed for the poor and the frail ;

For the blood in their veins is but scanty and slow,
 And the nip of the Winter's their bitterest foe.
 What a pity, I say, that the beautiful snow
 Is the instrument thus of the cruellest woe !
 But, alas ! the most beautiful things that I know
 In the field of creation are equally so.

And, speaking of beautiful things, there is *one*
 That I loved to devotion, as flowers the sun,
 As the birds love the light, as the fishes the stream,
 And as lovers delight of their chosen to dream.
 And this beautiful thing was a maiden divine—
 Divine, as I *thought*, when I thought she was mine ;
 But she proved to be mortal ; she proved to be frail ;
 Her love, and her kisses, and soft-spoken tale,
 Were each as the frost that bedecketh the pane—
 'Neath one beam of the sun all its beauty is vain ;
 And I say yet again, and a pity '*tis true*,
 The most beautiful things leave the bitterest *rue*.

Sympathy.

Tell me *not*

That on this earth below—in heaven above—
 In all the universe of worlds that move
 In yonder space profound—there is not *one*—
 A single one—whose very heart and soul
 Is not responsive to mine own. Ah ! no—
 Creation is not void—its links are true.
 There's not a heart of human joy or woe
 But finds a throb in dual with its own
 Somewhere within infinitude. And vast
 Howe'er infinitude may be, there is
 A bond connecting kindred ones together.
 All things in Nature are in *two*—the birds,
 The beasts, the fishes e'en, and the flowers,
 And insects humming in the summer air.
 And *can* it be that man—that man alone
 Is doomed to be, by chance, exception debar
 To this benignant law ? There is no chance,

Nor anything, save truth—and truth it is
 Which ever hath prevailed, and ever shall,
 Till time is swallowed in eternity,
 When truth shall reign without competitor.
 A heart without a heart to sympathize—
 A soul without a soul from age to age—
 Were more than strange—it were unnatural.

Hope.

There is a pearl which few have not their own—
 To rich and poor alike it is well known—
 Though oftentimes lost,
 'Tis ever found
 Stranded at our feet again,
 Twinkling in the mud and sand,
 And never prized so much as when
 Down-pressed with sorrow, poverty,
 And all the ills of life that band
 Around about the heart with woe.
 'Tis *then*, and only then, we know
 And prize the pearl that we see
 Glows all the brighter, fairer, through the gloom—
 For "*Hope*" it is, and hope shall ever bloom.

Mercy.

A fair young creature, beautiful and mild,
 With ever on her lips a gentle smile,
 And ever in her eyes a tear the while,
 Like smiles and tears of a sweet dreaming child.
 But over all her face divine
 There is a *something* we but twine
 Around our visions of the Lord—
 A *something* 'tis which strikes a chord
 Within our hearts—and bids us kneel
 Unto her Master, and our own.

In joy and gratitude we feel
 That fire celestial which alone
 Belongs to *thee*, thou fair one ! and is even
 Warrant to hail thee, "*Mercy* !" —Light of Heaven !

The Christmas Bells.

Ye Christmas Bells ! ye Christmas Bells !
 The heart within me ever swells
 As, in the clear and frosty air,
 I hear ye carol sweetly there,
 Proclaiming loud o'er hill and dale
 The beauty of your Christmas tale—
 " 'Tis peace—on earth—
 Good-will—to men !"

Of all the bells that ever rang,
 I think there's nothing like the clang
 Of Christmas Joy-bells in the morn,
 That wake us like a bugle-horn,
 And raise our hearts and bid rejoice,
 With something of an angel voice—
 " 'Tis peace—on earth—
 Good-will—to men !"

I've heard the pleasant marriage bell
 Its tale of triumph sweetly tell,
 As, heart to heart and hand-in-hand,
 The wedded pair, by God's command,
 From the church-door, in modest worth,
 And pride, and beauty, issued forth—
 " God speed—ye both—
 Through life—till death !"

I've heard the birth-day bell as well,
 With all its proud-toned music swell—
 Its notes of joy and loud acclaim
 Ringing a mother's happy fame—
 Telling to all who care to hear,
 A youthful life hath won a year—
 " Another—bead—
 Of Time—to thee."

I've heard the dead bell's mournful knell,
 While every note with sobbing fell,
 Filling the soul with sorrow dread,
 Wild with a wailing for the dead.
 Slowly and sadly came the toll,
 Knelling the flitting of a soul—

“Thou'rt gone—poor soul—
 For thee—we toll!”

But, Christmas Bells! oh! Christmas Bells!
 The heart within me ever swells—
 The blithest music that I know,
 Comes pealing o'er the fallen snow—
 Comes pealing from the belfries high,
 As though 'twere voices from the sky—

“'Tis peace—on earth—
 Good-will—to men!”

A Christmas carol, pure and sweet,
 In rhythm that our hearts repeat,
 Comes from the joy-bells, all on fire
 With the blithe music of their choir,
 Ringing the tale of ages old
 With every note as though of gold—

“Rejoice—rejoice—
 'Tis peace—on earth—
 Good-will—to men!”

Dying—Sleeping.

Hush! speak gently—she is dying;
 Breath is failing—quickly failing.
 Cease lamenting, cease bewailing—
 It were more than unavailing—
 She is dying!—she is dying!

Hush! be quiet—soul is parting
 From its tenement of sorrow.
 Now no more shall a to-morrow
 Bring fond hopes 'twere vain to borrow—
 Soul and body now are parting.

Silence ! silence !—let her slumber.

One would think she was but sleeping,
As we watch and ward are keeping—
Wherefore, then, this bitter weeping?
Let her slumber—let her slumber.

As she lieth dying—dying—
How *can we* bring ourselves to be
Parted—parted—our darling free—
Flown away, O God ! to Thee—
To where there is no more dying !

See, the golden hair is falling—
Falling loosely from the dear head,
Now so low upon its death-bed—
Gold hair that once with Beauty wed—
Falling, falling, careless falling.

See the eyes that once were joyous—
Joyous with the glad some love-light
One time beaming in them so bright.
Gone the sweet light—gone the eyesight—
From the eyes one time so joyous !

See the cheeks as pale as lilies,
One time blushing as sweet flowers,
Fresh from 'neath fond April's showers—
Life and Beauty—rival powers—
Now as white as frozen lilies.

Hush ! keep silence—this is holy,
Holy ground on which we treadeth ;
'Tis a vestibule, and leadeth
To the shrine we ever needeth.
Hush ! be silent—this is holy.

Silence ! silence ! leave her sleeping—
Sleeping in a peace that never
Through eternity shall ever
Broken be ; nor can aught sever
Her from joys in her Lord's keeping—
She is blessed in her sleeping.

Sweetheart, Good-bye !

Good-bye, sweetheart ! good-bye, good-bye !

Sweetheart, farewell !—a long farewell !

Thy love to me proved all a lie ;

The pain thou wroughtest I can tell.

Farewell, sweetheart ! farewell, farewell !

The world is wide, but joys are few—

As few as days within a year

When all the sky's one sea of blue,

And winter, desolate and drear,

Is but a memory and a tear.

The world is wide, but Life is brief—

As brief as Hopes begot of Sorrow.

Life is a tree, and Man a leaf,

Suffering existence till some morrow

Findeth him dust—no hopes to borrow.

And what were Life, so short and sad,

Had we not Love to lighten us !

Had we not Love to make us glad,

And Love's sunbeams to brighten us,

Life for *mere* life would frighten us.

A cabin would a palace seem,

Were I to thee a Knight of Love ;

And thee I'd glory to esteem

An angel stole from heaven above—

My queen, my darling, and my dove !

But false thou wert and false thou art.

In tournament no more shalt thou

Be tilted for—the prize thine heart ;

For Christendom shall know that *now*

Thou'rt broken with fair lady's vow.

Good-bye, false love ! good-bye, good-bye !

False heart, farewell !—a long farewell !

Thy love to me proved but a lie ;

The grief thou gavest I can tell.

Farewell, thou cruel ! fare-thee-well !

Prayer.

Prayer—what is it ? 'Tis the incense
 Floating upward—ever upward—
 Of a heart's distilled devotion—
 Of a soul's intense emotion—
 Like as flowers, down-prest with dew
 Neath the bright sun's ardent view,
 Give forth odours that, ascending,
 Wing their flight towards Him who, lending
 Dewdrops, sunbeams, colours—all,
 Finds them thus reciprocal.
 So is *Prayer* the odour intense
 Of a flower of God's own growing,
 And for Him in beauty blowing—
 Pressed with dewdrops 'neath His eye,
 Gathering ripeness for the sky.

Poor Little Blossom.

Poor little blossom ! tattered and torn,
 Petals all shattered, velvet all worn,
 Lying full low in the mud of the street,
 Trampled, despised, 'neath everyone's feet ;
 Covered with mire, draggled and torn,
 Lying forgotten, beauty all shorn.
 Poor little blossom ! poor little flower !
 Fruit of the sunshine—fruit of the shower !
 Gone all the beauty, and gone all the grace—
 Ah ! nothing of sweetness now can we trace
 In the poor remnants thus lying beneath
 Everyone's scorn and everyone's feet.
 Child of an hour ! thy mission is o'er,
 And we shall see thy frail beauty no more—
 Poor little blossom ! poor little flower !

Once in a garden, protected and cared,
 Flourished the blossom, till sunshine prepared
 It for the bosom of lady so fair—
 Lady whose beauty with it might compare.

Anon transplanted, it gloried awhile
 'Neath the kind favour of lady's sweet smile ;
 Worn in honour, and scenting the air,
 Rich both in sweetness and beauty so rare ;
 Admired and praised by the glittering throng ;
 Described in the verse of a passionate song ;
 Prayed for by lovers, entreated in vain—
 The guerdon many might never obtain ;
 Reigning in glory on beauty's bright throne—
 A queen in grace, and in sweetness alone—
 Poor little blossom ! poor little flower !

Now, see my flower, so scentless and low,
 Buried and trampled in mud and in snow ;
 Lying in shame, and in filth, and in woe—
 Who would think beauty could ever be so ?
 Who would think beauty could ever be brought
 Down from the throne where 'twas honoured and sought ?
 Who would think beauty, and sweetness, and grace,
 Anything *ever* could ruin—deface—
 Anything *ever* could humble, degrade,
 And like my pitiful blossom be made ?
Once it was beautiful—like to a queen—
Now 'tis not worthy of dogs to be seen.
Once 'twas a star in a firmament fair ;
Now 'tis a scorn, rotting down there—
 Poor little blossom ! poor little flower !

And there are blossoms—sweet flowers more fair
 Than the frail children earth's garden might rear—
 Blossoms whose beauty's not for here below—
 Not for this world of pain, sin, and woe ;
 Blossoms whose mission is ever to grow
 Fairer, and sweeter, and purer—till, lo !
 Cometh the Gardener, judging them all,
 Strengthening this one, lest hap it might fall—
 Training and pruning with infinite love—
 Gathering, transplanting to gardens above.
 Oh ! may it happen no blossom so rare
 Shall ever be as its sister down there—

Shall ever lie so debased and low,
 Trampled to scorn in mud and snow !—
 Beautiful blossoms ! beautiful flowers !

A View.

Upon a mountain-top I stood, and looked
 On every side, and filled my eyes with all
 The ever-varying beauties of the scene—
 The sky above, in all its azure blue—
 A beauteous blue, like nothing else we see,
 Just dappled o'er with a few bright snowflakes
 Of feathery embryo cloudlets fine ;
 The sun himself, in reigning splendour high,
 The light and life of all his systems grand,
 Beaming benignant from his throne above ;
 The thousand—thousand tints of verdure that
 Fills all the lowlier scene, and giveth
 Unto the eye a pleasure all its own ;
 Great trees and small, and flowers gay, and shrubs—
 Grasses and mosses—all of many kinds,
 And many with sweet odours stole from Eden
 And then the voice of Nature ! Hark ! the birds—
 The birds upon the wing and birds at rest ;
 Insects ever humming their lullabies ;
 Cattle in the meadows' rich clover drowned—
 Drowning their contentment, and satisfied ;
 The silvery streamlets, ever murmuring on ;
 The houses of mankind, with wreathes of smoke
 Ascending up like incense to the skies ;
 The voices of the labourers in the fields ;
 The merry sounds of hunting-horns and cheers ;
 The "tally-hos" of horsemen far away ;
 The shouts and wild halloos of boys from school,
 Enfreed from tasks, and full of youthful joy.
 But pen cannot describe, nor tongue pourtray,
 One-half the many beauties meet my view—
 One-half the many joyous sounds that rose
 Up—up from far and near, and gave to me—
 My heart and soul—a thrill which ne'er—ah ! ne'er
 Can 'gain be separate from deep pleasure's source.

The Ard-Righ.

Standing amidst his fellow-men, a King—
 Though sceptreless, right regal in his sway—
 An Irish Ard-Righ ! His people fling
 The mantle of their choice round him, and say—
 " Hail to our Liberator ! and alway,
 For ever, evermore, may poets sing,
 In accents pure and high, as is the theme,
 The praises of Old Ireland's great Tribune !"
 Immortal Dan O'Connell ! sure we seem,
 When gazing on thy presence through the gloom
 Of Erin's darkened history, to dream,
 And liken thee to those bright lights that beam
 From out yon starry space. In history's doom
 Thou art a shining light, O Dan !—immortal in the tomb !

My Love.

My *Love* lies buried in the deep,
 Where rich shells sleep—
 Where corals creep ;
 And o'er her mermaids sing and weep—
 All in the deep.

My *Love*, she sailéd o'er the sea,
 With winds so free—
 With heart of glee—
 For a home in the Land of Liberty,
 Far o'er the sea.

My *Love* at parting wept full sore ;
 Her tears ran o'er—
 She'd smile no more
 This side the wild Atlantic shore—
 She wept full sore.

My *Love*, she left me all alone
 To weep and moan—
 To sigh and groan.
 My life was a sad monotone
 When left alone.

My *Love* was beautiful and bright,
 And in my sight
 A thing of light.
 She was a meteor of the night—
 So very bright !

My *Love* had eyes of purest blue—
 An azure hue,
 In which I'd view
 The love which shone for me so true—
 Those eyes of blue !

My *Love* had hair—the fairest hair !
 You'd fancy ne'er
 Came breeze of air
 To play with, but would stay for e'er—
 The fairest hair !

My *Love* had skin of purest white—
 A lily quite
 You really might
 Imagine it in beauty bright—
 So lily white !

My *Love* had lips—a *houri*
 For them might sigh,
 And vain decry.
 A honey-bee could not pass by
 My sweet *houri*.

My *Love's* fair bosom was a joy
 Without alloy—
 Without a cloy.
 To *me*—to *me* it was not coy—
 It was a joy.

My *Love* lies low—far in the deep,
 Where strange shells sleep—
 Where corals creep.
 I cannot even o'er her weep—
She's in the deep.

The Thrush.

Of all the birds so sweetly telling—
 Telling, through each wood and dell,
 Of the joy within them swelling,
 None enraptures like the spell
 Of that sweet, unearthly music,
 The song-thrush's glorious swell,

All melodious—

Rising, falling—falling, rising,
 With a human tone surprising ;
 Thrilling, ringing, sighing, dying ;
 Now like waters running, flying
 In campaign against the pebbles,
 Full of rippling, murmurous trebles ;
 Now complaining, as in sorrow
 That the night were 'fore the morrow ;
 Then ascending, joyous swelling,
 As a spring of waters welling ;
 Full in harmony as a bell,
 Or a peal of bells that well
 All in unison are rung—
 All melodiously are swung.

A Cowslip.

See how yon cowslip sweetly blows,
 Its bell-shaped blossoms downward bending !
 It would not, though it could, uncloze
 Its glories to the beams descending
 From out the heavens, and reglowing
 All flowers beneath in beauty growing.

How beautiful in grace it bendeth !
 Like maiden fair that upward never
 Can raise her eye to that which lendeth
 Her rosy cheeks, as though for ever,
 A bloom carnation, sweetly telling
 Of the bright hopes her bosom swelling.

How exquisite ! how sweetly shy !
 How snowdrop-like ! how fairy tender
 Is the sweet cluster, 'neath the sky
 Waving so sylph-like and so slender !
 Queen Mab, in all her story, tells
 Of nothing like my peal of bells !

The Dead Bell.

*(Written in the Burial-ground of St. Paul's French Church,
 Portarlington.)*

How mournfully on the quivering heart it breaks—
 That saddest of all saddening sounds—the knell
 That from the belfry o'er "God's Acre" speaks,
 In its slow, sobbing cadence, a farewell !—
 "O dust !—O earth !—
 At last—new birth—
 'Tis well—farewell !"

The self-same bell, how blithely it can ring
 A "welcome home," or wedding peal of joy !
 How hard to think its merry tongue can fling
 Notes full of sorrow and of death's alloy !—
 "Poor dust—thou must—
 Return—return—
 To earth—farewell !"

On Sabbath morns it calleth unto pray'r
 With voice half joy, and half entreaty mild,
 Filling with gladsome turmoil all the air—
 Crying as the Father to His straying child—
 "Return—return—
 'Tis day—not night—
 As yet—for thee !"

Two loving hearts, when they become as one,
 Standing before the priest to vow their vows—
 Then hand-in-hand to venture forth to run
 The race of life—oh ! how the bells arouse !—
 "God speed !—God speed !—
 Take heed—take heed—
 Of Him—indeed !"

How blithesome are the notes the bells assume
 When one long wandering by some foreign shore
 Returns, and, as a light doth chase the gloom,
 Brings joy to the old home and hearts once more—

“My son—my son—
 Once dead—now lives—
 Again—for me !”

How oft I've sat upon some time-worn stone—
 Some stone all mossed and with inscription faint—
 Within the depths of a graveyard lone,
 And listened to the dead bell's mournful plaint—

“O death !—O grave !—
 O sobs !—O tears !—
 O world !—O sin !”

How often have I heard the earth-clods fall,
 With sounds soul-shivering, on the coffined dead !
 The funeral bell kept tolling over all,
 As though Death's pæan o'er the soul now sped—

“To earth—to dust—
 Return—thou must—
 Farewell—farewell !”

A Prayer.

O God ! have pity on the poor,
 For Winter dread is very near,
 With bitter nights and days severe ;
 And many, many have no store
 To keep fierce famine from the door.
 Be Thou their guardian and their friend—
 Their only friend this side the grave—
 The only one the poor may have.
 And, oh ! we pray Thee, please to send
 The comfort of thy blessing now,
 So that we all may grateful bow
 On bended knee, and incense spend
 In joyous prayers away to Thee,
 Thou Lord of earth, and air, and sea !

My Colleen Ruadh.

(For Music.)

Sweet Colleen Ruadh ! dear Colleen Ruadh !

Gra gal machree ! mine own fair girl !

This heart of mine, how you can twirl

With witching spells to thoughts of *you* !

By night and day

They ever sway,

And point the way to Colleen Ruadh.

Dear Colleen Ruadh ! sweet Colleen Ruadh !

My silk-haired, winsome, bright girleen !—

A wild rose in a lone borean—

A wild red rose, with me to view

Its bloom alone—

'Tis all mine own ;

But rose ne'er shone like Colleen Ruadh.

Sweet Colleen Ruadh ! dear Colleen Ruadh !

Avourneen ! how I love to dream,

And liken thee to the sunbeam

In brightness, and in beauty, too,

That sudden throws

A light which glows,

And crowns my rose, my Colleen Ruadh !

Dear Colleen Ruadh ! sweet Colleen Ruadh !

Thou chosen of my heart alone !

My soul can never other own.

I bend my knee, O queen ! to sue ;

And humbly crave

One word to save—

Or else a grave, O Colleen Ruadh !

Sweet Colleen Ruadh ! dear Colleen Ruadh !

Ashore machree ! have pity now !

I'd never, never deign to bow

So low to any maid but you.

Gra gal machree !

Don't cruel be.

Oh ! smile on me, my Colleen Ruadh !

Snow.

Snow, snow, beautiful snow !
 Falling so gently here below,
 Feathery soft, how I long to know !—
 Tell me, oh ! tell me, before you go—
 Snow, snow, beautiful snow !
 What is your mission to us below ?

How deep, and cold, and calm you lie
 Over the fields and tree-tops nigh,
 Seemingly spent, as from on high
 You wended your flight from the bitter sky—
 Snow, snow, beautiful snow !
 Sleeping so softly here below !

Spreading around as a garment white,
 Like a sweet scene in the moonbeams' light,
 Or as the wand of a fairy-sprite
 Might sudden present to our wondering sight—
 Snow, snow, mystical snow !
 Falling so gently here below.

Symbol of purity wide world o'er,
 From the far North to the Southern shore ;
 Embalmed in the mazes of ancient lore
 We find the sweet thought enshrined the more.
 Emblem of purity ! beautiful snow !
 Emblem of purity where'er you go !

I love the snow, the beautiful snow !—
 The fairy, feathery, falling snow !
 How it changeth all this world below
 As nothing could change it save the snow !
 Snow, snow, beautiful snow !
 Tell us your errand to us below.

Cold to our senses, you melt away
 Slowly, as from us the light of day
 Steals 'fore the darkness, and will not stay.
 Snow, snow, will you not say—
 Beautiful, beautiful, mystical snow !—
 What is your mission on earth below ?

false.

I loved her well ;

But, ah ! she was more false than fairy-bells—
 Flowers that seem so winsome to the eyes,
 All in the richest colouring bedecked,
 Swinging to the zephyrs, to and fro,
 As though carillons ringing joyously,
 That we can scarce believe the odour thrown
 From out their purple mouths, when gathered,
 Is as the stench arising from the pit—
 The foul and noisome sepulchre, Gehenna !

I loved her well ;

I lived within her heart as misers do
 Within the spot where all their treasures are.
 Her eyes to me were as two guiding stars
 That led me on my pilgrimage of love.
 Her bosom was my Mecca—holy place—
 Towards which I ever strove to wend my way—
 Strivings without avail, and more than vain—
 Like some fanatic dervish of the East,
 That spends a lifetime toiling painfully
 His weary course to Allah's Prophet's shrine,
 And dies when on his vision bursts the domes
 And minarets, Arabia's storied town.
 Her mouth was as a well of waters bright—
 Sweet waters ever rippling merrily—
 A spring of gladsome waters bursting clear
 Upon the burning eyes of wanderers
 Through desert plains, when first they spy afar
 The green oasis on the horizon—
 An emerald gem upon the dusty plain.
 Her hair was as the hair of Peri fair—
 A silky cloud, as black as deepest night ;
 Like night, indeed, when streaming all aloose,
 Enveloping her form in a pall ;
 Like night the more, as then her eyes appeared
 Two brilliant orbs that shone most lustrously
 From out the depths of Nature's own chemise.
 Her form was, as the form of Queen Mab,

Both lithe and graceful—a queen and a gazelle—
 A queen, in sooth, for she did truly reign
 O'er my heart, that owned but her alone,
 And every drop of blood within its veins
 Beated and pulsed at mention of her name,
 As flowers, when drooping from continued drought,
 Their blossoms all fading, dying in the sun,
 Will raise their glorious beauties and revive,
 When o'er the skies rain-showers spread their wings,
 'Fore yet a single drop hath fallen down
 Upon their million million mute appeals—
 Unto their myriad upturned eyes of prayer.

I loved her well ;
 I yielded all I had—my soul's incense ;
 I bowed beneath her feet a very slave.
 I gloried in my queen, my mistress—*mine*,
 And sought but in return a lock of hair,
 A smile, a ring, a tiny tender word—
 A tender word of promise and of love.
 But, ah ! 'twere no avail to tell the scorn
 She gave me as my guerdon—the *pain*
 Is mine and mine alone ; and her's the *thought*
 That she did trample on the one true heart—
 The one true love—all her's, and her's alone.
 'Mid all the myriad souls upon the earth
 She had but one—but one alone, that loved,
 And she had scorched that love, till it hath died—
 Till it hath died away, like some poor flower
 That sought to bloom within some arid place,
 Where sunbeams were both few and far between,
 And all with fretting pined and died away.

Night.

Hail to the approach of Night ! all clad in gloom—
 A queenly maiden she of right royal line—
 Daughter of Old Chaos, who, with regal doom,
 Ordained that she should reign when men resign
 Their thoughts and occupations at the shrine

Of Sleep—twin partner of the silent tomb—
 And gorgeously endowed her with the mine—
 Treasures beyond treasures in the eternal room—
 Yon firmament of radiance, and more than wildering bloom.

Hail to thee, Mother Night ! advancing slow,
 Shaking the clust'ring brilliants from thine hair,
 Vainly presuming in their stolen glow
 To add one glory to the glories there,
 Or aught but to detract from beauty rare,
 And down the realms of space to here below,
 Shooting, they fall, and swiftly cleave the air,
 Leaving a track of splendour that we know
 The *boudoir* of Night's toilet only can bestow.

Hail to thee, beauteous Night ! Thine brother, Day,
 Hath naught when in comparison to thee.
 Glorious he is, but, ah ! there's naught that may
 Equal the majesty of Night's canopy—
 Equal the solemn grandeur that we see
 Reflected in the awed and silent throng. We say,
 When o'er the sun's bright disc there suddenly
 Passes an intermediate orb, his ray
 Payeth a mute obeisance to thine imperial sway.

Ballinglen.

There is a glen in wild Mayo,
 Hard by the fierce Atlantic shore—
 A shore where waters ceaseless roar,
 Like an undying, dauntless foe—
 A little glen—a winsome glen—
 Where earliest flowers make sure to blow,
 And in full confidence do grow,
 As dwell the linnet and the wren ;
 And through its bosom runs a stream—
 A tiny, playful, wanton thing—
 One time all smiles—a summer's dream !—
 And *then* in winter—hear it sing !

And an old castle, quaint and grey,
 Half festooned o'er with ivy green—
 Memorial of some stormier day,
 And stormier hearts than *now*, I ween—
 A castle up whose walls I've oft
 In happy boyhood fained to climb ;
 And when in pride I've sat aloft,
 I've never since knew the sublime—
 I've never since so happy been.
 And then the orchard on the hill—
 Killena's Hill !—full many a raid,
 That through my heart still sends a thrill—
 A joyous thrill, that *won't* be still—
 With cunning plans I've often made—
 Of neither laws nor gaols afraid ;
 For there was Cha, and Bill, and Bob,
 And not a few conspired to rob
 And revel in the spoil.
 And, oh ! what feasts we've had and had !
 They make me still both sad and glad !
 I would I were again a lad,
 And free from weary toil !
 And then the rath !—the Danish Fort !—
 How many an hour's joyous sport
 I've had upon its grassy slopes,
 With many a mate now dead and gone
 Such merry times, 'tis true, belong
 Solely to youthful hearts and hopes,
 And never, never come again
 When once we enter life as men.
 And then the manse !—the dear old manse !—
 Hard by the Scottish Church, whose spire,
 Seen by the setting sun's deep fire,
 Points heavenwards, like a glistening lance
 On which the glittering rays oft dance.
 And Robbie Polk's great sycamore,
 With glorious branches wide and free,
 That sheltered many a revelry !—
 Oh ! shall I never see it more !
 And in a green and shaded nook,
 The holy spring !—the haunted spring !

'Twas said if you its waters took,
 They would a glamour o'er you fling.
 If true, indeed I cannot tell ;
 But *this* I know full right and well—
 If you its sparkling nectar quaffed,
 You might derisively have laughed
 At half the ills of life, and then
 Panted for its waters again,
 And blessed the well of Ballinglen.

Dear Ballinglen ! dear Ballinglen !
 I would I were but near thee *now* !
 I would I were a boy again—
 A joyous, lithesome boy, as when
 We were inseparable as thou
 Art from thy hills and loveliness,
 And all the charms made to bless
 The human heart, and it impress—
 My *own* sweet valley, Ballinglen !

Lines.

How oft it is, in sleep, the soul away,
 Taketh full possession of our will,
 Masters its prison bonds, and with assaye
 Leads us a roving dance we cannot still—
 Visits some loved spot in memory, till
 The greyish hues of morning announce the day,
 When, wending back our steps, we slow fulfil
 The purport of the night, and soft allay
 All erst that might a pleasant dream reality betray !

And yet somehow, when memory is dead—
 All memory of the witching dream we had—
 Long years, perhaps, have passed, and o'er our head
 Sorrows and trials not a few have shed
 Upon our ebon locks that down which wed
 Youth and old age, the beautiful and dread,
 As idly wandering, or by some chance led,

We strike upon that old, old scene we read
Plainly within our heart 'tis familiar in its spread.

Something there is within ourselves we feel,
As wistfully we gaze, and know not when,
If ever, that we have looked before ; a seal
Seems pent upon our vain imaginings, that then,
Betrayed by inner consciousness, the glen,
Or bower, or woodland scene, however unreal,
That rises up before us, seems again
Familiar in its mystery ; we kneel,
O'ercome with vague emotions that o'er our bosoms steal,

Familiar as the sound of some sweet melody,
Long, long forgotten in the lapse of years ;
Some low pathetic song, some threnody
Sung to our childhood, while the tears
Coursed down the singer's cheeks, as, fraught with fears,
To her our little future loomed fearfully ;
Some wild and weird music that appears
Love's very essence, all soul, and yearningly
Beautiful as that we hear when slumbering fitfully.

Lying on a mossy bank where flowers lie hid,
Clustering and entwined in their own embrace,
Dancing to the wanton breeze's bid,
Piped by the humming of the bees in chase,
Near by the waters of the streamlet race,
Droning their mellowed song to closing lid
Of our o'er-wearied eyes ; and far in space
The pearly gushings of the lark, and rid
Of man's association, save distant hallowed—

Sure there is music then, as, half asleep,
We hear those dreamy sounds, and cannot ken
The source from whence they flow, but partly weep,
As visions pass before us, and again,
Smile at some wild vagary, and then,
Lulled by the full concert of the choir, we sleep,
Oblivious of the hopes or fears of men,

Only to re-awaken ; sure we reap
Thoughts and conceptions happy, which make our souls to
leap.

And thus it seems to me, when, in the night,
Some wild and wayward vision slow imparts
That to our waking moments which the light
Of schools' philosophy, with thousand darts,
Fails to unravel. In our heart of hearts,
Deep hidden from the world's camera—to sight
Of inner consciousness alone—it starts
A dream embossed. We cannot fright
The fluttering thought that percheth on Reason's kingly
height.

Life !

Life ! what is it ? It is nothing ;
It is really merest nothing.
'Tis a bubble on a stream,
'Mid a hundred million bubbles ;
'Tis a tiny fleck of spray
To Niagara's booming deluge ;
'Tis a little speck of sand
To the ocean of Sahara ;
Tis a small and tender leaf
To a forest's trackless foliage ;
'Tis a sprouting blade of grass
To the prairies' rolling meadows ;
'Tis a glistening drop of dew
To the ocean's boundless billows ;
'Tis a spark that flieth upward,
And is lost for ever, ever.
Life ! what is it ? 'Tis a shadow—
'Tis a vapour—'tis a cloud—
'Tis a breath—'tis a zephyr
'Fore a hurricane of wind ;
'Tis the snow upon the valleys
'Neath the sunbeams burning hotly ;

'Tis a summer shower passing
 O'er a dry and drougthy desert ;
 'Tis a ship without a master,
 On a dark and dangerous headland,
 In a storm raging madly.
 Of all fitful things, it is—
 Oh ! the fitfulest of all.
 Of all doubtful things that are,
 Oh ! it is the doubtfulest—
 With its dark uncertainties
 And its dread obscurities ;
 In its "know not" whence it comes ;
 In its "know not" whence it goes ;
 In its sorrows and its tears ;
 In its trials and its fears ;
 In its weepings and lamentings ;
 In its bitter, bitter partings ;
 In its victories, defeats ;
 In its false dissimulations ;
 In its treacheries and crimes ;
 In its loves and in its hates ;
 In its hearts with anguish throbbing ;
 In its bourn to the grave ;
 In its knoweth nothing more.

The Snowdrop.

The snow was lying all around,
 On field, on house, on tree-top high,
 And scarce a morsel of the ground
 Looked green unto the sky,
 When forth I went one Christmas morn
 To breathe the clear and frosty air,
 And think upon the Child was born
 One Christmas morn more fair.
 As rambling o'er the fields I went,
 Pitying each hungry bird—poor thing !—
 A snowdrop upwards flung its scent
 From out its little ring

Of verdure green, beneath a tree,
 And looked *so* very beauteous there,
 I thought I never yet did see
 A floweret so fair !
 " Poor little thing !" I whispering said,
 " What hast thou out in snow like this ?
 And art thou not at all afraid ?"
 It answered with—a *kiss*
 Of odour sweet that upwards rose,
 And spoke in words, this wise, to me—
 " The great Creator careth those
 Guarded by innocency ;
 The stars in heaven's depths shall dim
 'Fore anything that trusts in Him
 Shall disappointed be."

Come Away.

Come away, immortal spirit !
 Come, blest regions to inherit—
 Regions full of bliss and glory,
 Visioned in God's wondrous story—
 Come, come away !

To the land beyond the dark tomb ;
 To the land beyond the grave's gloom ;
 To the land where weeping never
 Shall be heard for ever, ever—
 Come, come away !

To the home of bliss and God's love ;
 To the home of heaven above ;
 To the home of endless sunlight ;
 To the home where there's no more night—
 Come, come away !

To the dwelling of God's people—
 Pointed to by every steeple ;

Looked unto by every pilgrim ;
 Yearned for in every sweet hymn—
 Come, come away !

To the bourn where for ages
 Have been gathered prophets, sages—
 All earth's brightest, fairest, purest—
 To where life with Thee endurest—
 Come, come away !

Come away, immortal spirit !
 Come, blest regions to inherit,
 Full of bliss and endless glory,
 Visioned in God's wondrous story—
 Come, come away !

The Arctic Expedition.

(Written in 1875, when the Expedition was leaving.)

In the pride and strength of the Danes of old—
 Those grim masters of the seas—
 They have left our shores with their hearts as bold
 As e'er fought the stormy breeze—
 With hearts as bold, for the realms of cold—
 The den to which Winter flees.

For true sons are they of that ancient god
 Who reigned in Valhalla's Hall,
 Whose anger fierce-roused made his slightest nod
 Cause storms and ruin to fall
 On all such as impiously went rough-shod
 O'er the legends of the Skaal.

Through their veins runs blood of a warrior race—
 Of a race renowned in arms—
 Of a race who lived for the fight and chase,
 And gloried in fierce alarms ;
 Whose hearts were steel, upon which *fear* might trace
 No sign, nor soft love its charms.

Childhood.

I childhood - now. I childhood's home

Where a heart is a string—

Love is a string,

Love is a string,

Love is a string of a string of a string!

Love is a string of a string of a string!

Love is a string of a string of a string!

Love is a string of a string of a string!

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December.

December !—month of storms and of snow !

December !—month of weariest, dreariest weather !

Jubilee of winds that wail together

Adown the chimney with a voice of woe,

And through the keyhole with a wild despair,

As though an echo from the "Lost Ones" choir

(One time so high as with a fierce desire—

Anon so low and weak—you'd think that there

Were sobbing hearts deprived of hope for e'er).

Month ! full of war-songs and of battle-cries,

And of fierce tumults to delight the bold,

Amidst which the hardy Northman dies,

Vaunting loud praises of Valhalla old,

Eager his fierce spirit to have therein enrolled !

Month ! when loud Boreas chafes the seas

With a wild wantonness all his own,

Dashing the "many waters," till they cease

To be aught save demons, that incessant moan

And shriek, impotent, round the Storm-King's throne !

Month ! when the sailor, in his barque anear

His native shore, with heartfelt terror hears

Death's bodings in the air, and cries appear

To warn him away ; but, ah ! his fears

Are all too late to save his widow's tears !

Month ! when the orphan, and the poor and old,

Feel that to live is but a mockery,

Pressed by gaunt hunger, and, more cruel, cold.

If they look upwards—blackened is the sky ;

If they look downwards—it is but to die.

Month !—hoary reprobate !—thy brow

Is scarred and seamed with many deeds of ill—

Wild deeds of violence and grief enow

To surfeit e'en the fierce god Thor's own will

With holocausts of slaughter equalling *his* skill !

Away with thee, December !—away ! away !—
Back to thine haunts within the frozen North !
Back to those realms where 'tis never day !
Back to the caverns that let thee forth
To ravish, and with death make cruel sport !
Thou scourge of all the year—haste thee away !



3/6

